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JANUARY, 1874.

## 'NO INTENTIONS.'

By FLORENCE MARRYAT, AUTHOR OF 'LOVE'S CONFLICT,' 'VERONIQUE,' ETC.

### CHAPTER XIII.

IN order to explain the foregoing statement to my readers, it is necessary that I should take them back to the time when Joel Cray left Priestley.

It seems a hard thing to say, but there is no doubt it is true, that the lower orders, as a rule, do not feel the happiness of loving, nor the misery of losing love, so keenly as their brethren of the upper class. The old-fashioned idea that virtue and simplicity are oftener to be found in the country than the town, and amongst the poor than the rich, has long since exploded. Simple the half-heathen villagers may still remain; but it is oftener the hideous simplicity of open vice, so general that its followers have not even the grace left to be ashamed of it, than the innocence that thinks no evil. If the inhabitants of our great towns are vicious, they at least try to hide it. Even with the virtuous poor the idea of love (as we think of love) seldom enters into their calculations on marriage. They see a girl whom they admire, who seems 'likely' in their eyes, and, after their rough fashion, they commence to court her, 'keep company' with her for a few years, at the end of which time perhaps she falls in with a

'likelier' young man; and then if the first suitor has been really in earnest, a few blows are exchanged between the rivals, separation ensues, and he looks out for another partner. The women are even more phlegmatic than the men. They regard marriage simply as a settlement in life, and any one appears to be eligible who can place them in a house of their own. If the first comer is faithless, they cry out about it loudly and publicly for a day or two, and then it is over; and they also are free to choose again. I suppose this state of things has its advantages. They do not love so deeply or intellectually as we do, consequently they separate with greater ease. Disappointment does not rebound on them with so crushing an effect, and I believe for that very reason they make the more faithful wives and husbands of the two. They expect little, and little satisfies them; and they have to work and struggle to procure the necessities of life. There is no time left to make the worst of their domestic troubles.

Yet we cannot take up the daily papers, and read of the many crimes that are committed through jealousy, without feeling that some of the class alluded to must be

more sensitive than others. A gentleman will suspect his wife of infidelity, and break his heart over it for years, trying to hoodwink himself and tread down unworthy doubts, before he will drag his dishonoured name into the light of day, and seek reparation at the hands of law; but a husband of the lower orders has no such delicate consideration. Most of them think a good beating sufficient compensation for their wrongs; but a few, under the sense of outraged honour which they experience, but cannot define, feel that nothing short of blood will satisfy them, and quietly cut their wives' throats from ear to ear. I have always had a sort of admiration for these last-named criminals. They must have valued what they destroy at the risk of, and often in conjunction with, their own lives. The act may be brutal, but it is manly.

Beneath the list of ignorance and butchery, we see the powers of mastery and justice, and the hatred of deceit and vice, which in an educated mind would have brought forth such different fruits. But, above all, we recognise the power of sentiment.

Joel Cray was one of these men—a rare instance of sensibility in a class whose whole life and nurture is against the possession of such a feeling. From a boy he had been taught to look upon his cousin Myra as his future wife; and when he believed that Muir-aven had betrayed and deserted her, his rage and indignation knew no bounds. For a while he thought that he must see her righted; that it was impossible that any man who had loved Myra in ever so transient a manner—Myra so delicate and pretty, and (compared with the other girls of Priestley) so refined, who in Joel's rough sight appeared al-

most as a lady—could be satisfied to live without searching her out again. But as time went on, and no penitent seducer appeared upon the scene, his old feelings for her regained the ascendancy, and he again began to look upon her as one who was to be his wife. He did not mind the first rebuffs she gave him. He had faith in the charm which being replaced in a position of respectability must hold for every woman, and believed that, as soon as she had got the better of her illness, the advisability of his proposal would strike her in its true light. He had not the least idea that she was dying; and her subsequent death seemed to kill at one blow both his ambitions. He could neither make her his wife, nor see her made the wife of the man who had deserted her. And there seemed to him but one thing left to be done—to exchange the blows, alluded to above, with the author of all this misfortune, even though they were to death.

'If I can only see that there 'Amilton,' he thinks savagely, as he journeys from Priestley, 'and break his dorned head for him, I shall bide perhaps a bit quieter. Wherever I meets him, though, and whenever it may be, it will be a stand-up fight between us. And if he won't own his child and provide for it as a gentleman should, why there'll be another. And small satisfaction, too, with my poor girl a-lying cold in the churchyard.' And here, hurried by retrospection beyond all bounds of propriety, he begins to call down the curse of the Almighty upon the luckless head of his unknown enemy.

He quits Priestley at the very time that Eric Keir is trying to drown his disappointment by running over the United States with his friend Charley Holmes,

until the fatal letter announcing his elder brother's death shall call him back to England. Had it not been so, there would have been small chance of his being encountered in the streets of London during the shooting season by our poor friend Joel. But what should a country lout know of such matters? It is to London that he works his way, feeling assured that in that emporium of wealth and fashion and luxury, sooner or later, he must meet his rival. So far he has reason, and by slow degrees he reaches the metropolis, journeying from farm to farm, with a day's job here and a day's job there, until he has gained the site of a suburban railway, on which he gets employment as a porter.

Here, seeing no means of bettering himself, he rests quietly for several months, more resigned and disposed to take interest in life again perhaps, but still with that one idea firmly fixed in his mind, and eagerly scanning the features or following the footsteps of any one whose face or figure reminds him, in ever so small a degree, of the hated 'Amilton.' Perhaps it is fortunate for Joel's chances of retaining his situation that he cannot read, else the times he would have been seduced from his allegiance by seeing the mystic name upon a hat-box or a portmanteau would have been without number. How many Hamiltons journeyed up and down that line, I wonder, and embarked or disembarked at that station during the three months Joel Cray was porter there! But personal characteristics were all the guides he followed after, and these were often sufficient to insure him a reprimand. At last he heard of a situation as pot-boy in the West End of London, and resigned half his wages to increase his chance of meeting Muiraven.

But Muiraven spent his Christmas and his spring at Berwick Castle, and did not leave home again until he went to Glottonbury and met the Mordaunts.

Meanwhile poor Joel, much disheartened at repeated failures, but with no intention of giving in, searched for him high and low, and kept his wrath boiling, all ready for him when they *should* meet, by a nightly recapitulation of his wrongs.

Muiraven leaves Priestley, and embarks for India. The unfortunate avenger is again baffled.

The season passes, and he has ascertained nothing. Amongst the 'Amiltons' he has met or heard of, he can trace no member answering to the description of Myra's betrayer. Many are tall and fair, and many tall and dark; but the white skin, and the blue eyes, and the dark hair come not, and the poor, honest, faithful heart begins to show signs of weariness. 'Who knows?' so he argues—for two years and more Myra had heard nothing of him—'perhaps he may have died in the interim. Oh, if he could only ascertain that he *had*!

But this search is as futile as the first. By degrees Joel confides his sorrow and his design to others—it is so hard to suffer all by oneself—and his acquaintances are eager to assist him, for there is something irresistibly exciting in a hue and cry; but their efforts, though well meant, fall to the ground, and hope and courage begin to slink away together. During this year, Joel passes through the various phases of pot-boy, bottle-cleaner, and warehouse porter, until he has worked his way down to the Docks, where his fine-built muscular frame and capabilities of endurance make him rather a valuable acquisition. He is still in this position when

Lord Muiraven returns from the East Indies.

Muiraven left Fen Court in a strangely unsettled state of mind. He did not know if he were happier or more miserable for the discovery he had made. After an awkward and unsatisfactory manner, he had cleared himself in Irene's eyes, and received the assurance of her forgiveness; but how was his position bettered by the circumstance? Love makes us so unreasonable. A twelvemonth ago he would have been ready to affirm that he could bear anything for the knowledge that the girl whose affection he had been compelled to resign, did not utterly despise him. Now he knows that it is true, and thinks the truth but an aggravation of the insurmountable barriers that Fate has raised between them.

'If I were only a worse fellow than I am,' he thinks impatiently, as he travels back to town—'if I were as careless as half the fellows that I meet, I should scatter every obstacle to the wind, and make myself happy in my own way; but it would break dad's heart; and on the top of losing dear old Bob, too!'

The question, whether the woman by means of whom he would like to be 'happy in his own way' would aid and abet his unholy wishes does not enter into his calculations just then. Had there been any probability of their fulfilment, she might have done so, and Lord Muiraven would have found his level. But it flatters him to think that Irene's virtue and respectability are the magnanimous gifts of his powers of self-control. He forgets that she even forbade his speaking to her on the subject, and feels quite like Sir Galahad, or St. Anthony, or any-

body else who was particularly good at resisting temptation (Heaven knows, a place in the Calendar is, small enough reward for so rare a virtue!), as he reviews the circumstances of his visit, and wilfully consigns poor old Colonel Mordaunt to the realms of eternal frizzling.

How the Shadows of the Past rise up to mock him now, and tell him that were his wildest speculations realised, there would still remain an obstacle to his asking any woman to become his wife! How he curses that obstacle and his own folly, as he dashes onward to the metropolis! and how many of his fellow-passengers that day may not—had they indulged them—have had similar thoughts to his! It is the misfortune of this miserable purblind existence that we must either loiter timidly along the road of life, permitting ourselves to be outdistanced at each step, or rush onward with the ruck, pell-mell, helter-skelter, stumbling over a stone here, rushing headlong against a dead wall there—on, on, with scarce a thought to what we have left behind us and no knowledge as to what lies before—straining, pushing, striving, wrestling—and the devil take the hindmost.

What wonder if we oftener fall than stand, and that the aforesaid gentleman does take a pretty considerable number of us!

Muiraven cannot bear the presence of that Nemesis; and the endeavour to outwit it drives him wild for a few days; after which he runs up to Scotland, startling Lord Norham with his eccentric behaviour, until the time arrives for him to cross the Channel with his cousin Stratford and meet the outward-bound steamer at Brindisi. The voyage does him good. There is no panacea for dispersing miserable thoughts like lots of



'bustle and moving about—and it is very difficult to be love-sick in the company of a set of excellent fellows who will not leave you for a moment to yourself, but keep you smoking, drinking, laughing and chaffing from morning till night. There are times, of course, when the remembrance of Irene comes back to him—in his berth, at night, for instance; but Muiraven is no sentimentalist: he loves her dearly, but he feels more disposed to curse than cry when he remembers her—although the only thing he curses is his own fate and hers. He reaches Bengal in safety, and for the next few months his cousin and he are up country, 'pig-sticking,' and made much of amongst those regiments with the members of which they are acquainted. During his absence, Muiraven hears no news except such as is connected with his own family. His brother is married (it was a great cause of offence to the Robertson family that he did not remain in England till the important ceremony was over) and his old father feels lonely without Cecil, and wants his eldest son back again. Muiraven also begins to feel rather home-sick and as though he had had enough of India, Christmas finds him once more at Berwick Castle: paler and thinner perhaps than he looked on leaving England; but the heat of the climate of Bengal is more than sufficient to account for such trifling changes. He arrives just in time for the anniversary; and a week afterwards, he wants to return to London, being anxious (so he says) about the fate of certain valuables which he purchased in Calcutta months ago, and sent home round the Cape. Lord Norham suggests that his agent will do all that is necessary concerning them; but Muiraven considers it absolutely important that he

should be on the spot himself. The fact is, he is hankering after news of Irene again; the dead silence of the last six months respecting her begins to oppress him like some hideous nightmare; the false excitement is over and the ruling passion regains its ascendancy. What if anything should have happened to her in his absence? Notwithstanding her prohibition to the contrary, he sent her a note on his return to England, simply telling the fact and expressing a hope that they might soon meet again; but to this letter he has received no answer. He becomes restlessly impatient to hear something—anything, and trusts to the despatch of a cargo of Indian and Chinese toys, which he has brought home for Tommy, to break again the ice between them. It is this hope that brings him up to London, determined to see after the arrival of these keys to Irene's heart himself.

They are all safe but one—the very case which he thinks most of, which is crammed to the lid with those wonderful sky-blue elephants, and crimson horses, and spotted dogs, which the natives of Surat turn and colour, generation after generation, without entertaining, apparently, the slightest doubt of their fidelity to nature. It was consigned, amongst many others, to the care of a Calcutta agent for shipment and address; and Muiraven is at first almost afraid that it has been left behind. His cousin Stratford suggests that they shall go down to the Docks and inquire after it themselves.

'Queer place, the Docks, Muiraven! Have you ever been there? It's quite a new sensation, I assure you, to see the heaps of bales and casks and cases, and to hear all the row that goes on amongst them. Let's go, if you've got nothing

else to do, this morning. I know that it'll amuse you.'

And so they visit the Docks in company.

There is no trouble about the missing case. It turns up almost as soon as they mention it, and proves to have come to no worse grief than having its direction obliterated by the leakage of a barrel of tar. So, having had their minds set at rest with respect to Tommy's possessions, Muiraven and Stratford link arms and stroll through the Docks together, watching the business going on around them with keen interest. They look rather singular and out of place, these two fashionably dressed and aristocratic young men, amongst the rough sailors and porters, the warehousemen, negroes, and foreigners of all descriptions that crowd the Docks. Many looks are directed after them as they pass by, and many remarks, not all complimentary to their rank, are made as soon as they are considered out of hearing. But as they reach a point which seems devoted to the stowage of bales of cotton or some such goods, a rough-looking young fellow, a porter, apparently, who has just had a huge bale hoisted on to his shoulders by a companion, with an exclamation of surprise lets it roll backwards to the earth again, and stepping forward, directly blocks their pathway.

'Now, my good fellow!' says Muiraven carelessly, as though to warn him that he is intruding.

'What are yer arter?' remonstrates the other workman, who has been knocked over by the receding bale.

'I beg your pardon,' says Joel Cray, addressing Muiraven (for Joel, of course, it is), 'but, if I don't mistake, you goes by the name of "Amilton"?''

This is by no means the grandi-

loquent appeal by which he has often dreamed of, figuratively speaking, knocking his adversary over before he goes in without any figure of speech at all, and 'settles his hash for him.'

But how seldom are events which we have dreamed of fulfilled in their proper course!

That man (or woman) that jilted us! With what a torrent of fiery eloquence did we intend to overwhelm them for their perfidy when first we met them, face to face; and how weakly, in reality, do we accept their proffered hand, and express a hope we see them well! Our ravings are mostly confined to our four-posters. This prosaic nineteenth century affords us so few opportunities of showing off our rhetorical powers!

On Joel's face, although it is January and he is standing in the teeth of a cold north wind, the sweat has already risen; and the hand he dares not raise, hangs clenched by his side. Still, he is a servant in a public place, surrounded by spectators—and he *may* be mistaken! Which facts flash through his mind in a moment, and keep him quiescent in his rival's path, looking not much more dangerous than any other impatient, half-doubting man might be.

'As sure as I live,' he repeats somewhat huskily, 'you goes by the name of "Amilton," sir!'

'Is he drunk?' says Muiraven, appealing to the bystanders. 'It's rather early in the day for it. Stand out of my way—will you?'

'What do you want with the gentleman?' demands his fellow-workman.

'Satisfaction!' roars Joel, nettled by the manner of his adversary into showing something like the rage he feels. 'You're the man, sir! It's no use your denying of it. I've searched for you

high and low, and now I've found you, you don't go without answering to me for her ruin. You may be a gentleman, but you haven't acted like one; and I'll have my revenge on you, or die for it!

A crowd has collected round them now, and things begin to look rather unpleasant.

'We're going to have a row,' says Stratford gleefully, as he prepares to take off his coat.

'Nonsense, Stratford! The fellow's drunk, or mad. I cannot have you mixed up with a crew like this. If you don't move out of my way and stop your infernal insolence,' he continues to Joel Cray, 'I'll hand you over to a policeman.'

'I am not insolent—I only tell you the truth, and the whole world may know it. Your name's "Amilton." You ruined a poor girl, under a promise of marriage, and left her and her child to perish of grief and hunger! And, as sure as there's a God in heaven, I'll make you answer for your wickedness towards 'em!'

'Ugh!' groans the surrounding crowd of navvies, always ready, at the least excuse, to take part against the 'bloated hairestocracy.'

'I don't know what you're talking about. You must have mistaken me for some one else,' replies Muiraven, who cannot resist refuting such an accusation.

'Surely you are not going to parley with the man!' interposes Stratford.

'You don't know of such a place as Hoxford, may be?' shouts Joel, with an inflamed countenance, and a clenched fist, this time brought well to the front—'nor of such a village as Fretterley?—nor you've never heard tell of such a girl as Myra Cray? Ah! I thought I'd make you remember!' as Muiraven, turning deadly white, takes a step backward. 'Let go, mates

—let me have at him, the d—d thief, who took the gal from me first and ruined her afterwards!'

But they hold him back, three or four of them at a time, fearing the consequences of anything like personal violence.

'Muiraven, speak to him! What is the matter?' says his cousin impatiently, as he perceives his consternation.

'I cannot,' he replies at first; and then, as though fighting with himself, he stands upright and confronts Joel boldly.

'What have you to tell me of Myra Cray? Where is she? What does she want of me? Why has she kept her hiding-place a secret for so long?'

'Why did you never take the trouble to look after her?' retorts Joel. 'Why did you leave her to die of a broken heart? Answer me that!'

'To die! Is she dead?' he says in a low voice.

'Ay! she's out of your clutches—you needn't be afraid of that, mister—nor will ever be in them again, poor lass! And there's nothing remains to be done now, but to take my satisfaction out of you.'

'And how do you propose to take it? Do you wish to fight me?' demands Muiraven, calmly.

'Better not, mate!' says one of his comrades in a whisper.

'Bleed him!' suggests another, in the same tone.

As for Joel, the quiet question takes him at a disadvantage. He doesn't know what to make of it.

'When a feller's bin wronged,' he begins, awkwardly—

'He demands satisfaction,' continues Muiraven. 'I quite agree with you. That idea holds good in my class as much as in yours. But you seem to know very little more than the facts of this case. Suppose I can prove to you that

the poor girl you speak of was not wronged by me—what then?

'You've bin a deal too 'asty,' whispers one of his friends.

'But your name's "'Amilton"—ain't it?' says Joel, mistily.

'It is one of my names. But that is nothing to the purpose. Far from shirking inquiry, I am very anxious to hear all you can tell me about Myra Cray. When can you come home with me? Now?'

'Muiraven! in Heaven's name—is this one of your infernal little scrapes?' says Stratford.

'In Heaven's name, hold your tongue for the present, and you shall know all. Is there any reason why this man should not accompany me to my place of residence?' continues Muiraven, addressing one of the bystanders.

'He can go well enough, if he likes to. He's only here by the job.'

'Will you come, then?' to Joel.

'I'm sure I don't know what to say,' returns Joel, sheepishly. 'Tain't what I call satisfaction to be going 'ome with a gentleman.'

'Come with me first, and then, if I don't give you entire satisfaction with respect to this business, we will fight it out your own way afterwards.'

'Gentleman can't say fairer than that,' is the verdict of the crowd. So Joel Cray, shamefacedly enough, and feeling as though all his grand schemes for revenge had melted into thin air, follows Muiraven and Stratford out of the Docks, whilst his companions adjourn to drink the health of his enemy in the nearest public-house.

'Where are you going to take him?' demands Stratford, as a couple of hansoms obey his cousin's whistle.

'To Saville Moxon's. You must come with us, Hal. I have been living under a mask for the last

five years; but it is time I should be true at last.'

'True at last! What humbug, Muiraven! As if all the world didn't know——'

'Hush, Hal!—you pain me. The world knows as much about me as it does of every one else.'

Saville Moxon—now a barrister, who has distinguished himself on more than one occasion—lives in the Temple. Fifteen minutes bring them to his chambers, where they find him hard at work amongst his papers.

'I feel beastly awkward,' says Muiraven, with a conscious laugh, as Moxon is eager to learn the reason of their appearance in such strange company; 'but I've got a confession to make, Moxon, and the sooner it's over the better. Now, my good fellow, pass on.'

This last request is addressed to Joel, who, half doubting whether he shall make his cause good after all, recapitulates, in his rough manner, the whole history of Myra's return to Priestley—the birth of her child—her aimless searches after her betrayer—and, lastly, her unexpected death.

Muiraven starts slightly, and changes colour as the child is mentioned; but otherwise, he hears the sad story through unmoved. The other two men sit by in silence, waiting his leave to express their astonishment at the intelligence.

'Poor Myra!' says Muiraven thoughtfully, as Joel, whose voice has been rather shaky towards the end, brings his tale to a conclusion. 'I don't wonder you thought badly of me, my friend; but there is something to be said on both sides. I never wronged your cousin——'

'You say that to my face!' commences Joel, his wrath all ready to boil over again at such a supposition.

'Stay! Yes—I repeat it. The



the poor girl you speak of was not wronged by me—what then?

'You've been a deal too 'asty,' whistles one of his friends.

'Not your name's "Amilton"?'—

'No,' says Joel quietly.

'It is one of my names. But that is nothing to the purpose. Far from shunning inquiry, I am very anxious to hear all you can tell me about Myra Cray. When can you come home with me? Now?

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Drawn by Frank Dickens.

'NO INTENTIONS.'

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person whom I most wronged in the transaction was myself. Her name was not Myra Cray, but Myra Keir. She was my wife.'

'Your wife!' repeats Joel, staring vacantly.

'Good God!' exclaims Saville Moxon.

'Muiraven! are you mad?' says Stratford.

'My dear fellows, do you think I'd say a thing of this kind for the mere purpose of sneaking out of a scrape? You know what our ideas are on the subject. What man of the world would blame very deeply, a youthful *liaison* between a college freshman and a pretty barmaid? But this was no passing frailty of mine. I met this girl, formed an attachment for her, brought her up to London, married her privately in the old church of St. Sepulchre, and settled her at Fretterley, whence she—she—left me.'

And Muiraven, leaning back against the mantelpiece, sets his teeth at that remembrance, and looks sternly down upon the hearth-rug, although it all happened so many years ago.

'She left you—yes,' cries Joel, 'but not before you had near broke her poor 'art with your unkindness, sir. And she came back, poor lamb, to her own people and her own 'ouse, and died there, like a dog in a ditch.'

'She left the house I had provided for her with—with—some one else,' says Muiraven, frowning.

'She left it with me, sir, her own cousin, who wouldn't have hurt a hair of her 'ead. I searched for her long, and I found her un-'appy and wretched, and I persuaded of her to come back 'ome with me; thinking as you had wronged her, for she never said a word of her being married, poor lass, from that day to the day of her death.'

'She had sworn to me she would not, knowing how fatal the consequences might be of such a confession. Now, Moxon, you know all. Had my wife remained with me, I might perhaps have summoned up courage before now to tell my father the truth; but she left me—as I thought to disgrace herself—and though I searched for her in every direction, I was unable to obtain any clue to her destination. Then I went abroad—you remember the time—and hoped to forget it all, but the memory has clung to me like a curse ever since, until I met this fellow to-day in the Docks. Else I might have gone on to all eternity, considering myself still fettered by this early *mésalliance*. And the child died too, you say?' turning again to Joel. 'Was it a boy?'

'The child ain't dead no more than you are,' replies Joel gruffly, for he has been cheated out of his revenge, and no one seems the better for it. 'He's a strong chap of four year old, all alive and kicking, and if you're the gentleman you pretend to be, you'll provide for him as a gentleman should.'

'Alive! Good heavens! and four years old! How this complicates matters! Moxon, that child is my legitimate heir.'

'Of course he is, if you were married. But where is he? that's the next thing to ascertain. With your family, eh?' turning to Joel.

'No, he ain't bin along of 'em since his mother's death, for there was a lady at Priestley—the only creetur as was good to my poor lass when she lay dyin'—and she was real kind, God bless 'er; and the poor gal, she died on her bosom, as they tell me; and afterwards Mrs. Mordaunt—that was the lady—she took Tommy along with her up to the Court and—'

'Tommy! The Court! Good God! do you mean to tell me that the boy you speak of, Myra Cray's child, was adopted by Mrs. Mordaunt of Fen Court, the wife of Colonel Mordaunt, of —.'

'In course, the Colonel's lady; and she makes a deal of him, too, so they say. But still, if he's yourn, sir, you're the proper person to look after him, and I shan't call it justice if you don't.'

'Stratford, you know the box of toys we went after to-day?'

'That you kicked up such a shindy about? Yes.'

'It is for that child that I brought them home.'

'Did you know of this then?'

'Not a word; but I have stayed with the Mordaunts, and seen him. And to think he should be my own. How extraordinary!'

'Deuced inconvenient, I should say. What do you mean to do next?'

'Go down to Priestley at the earliest opportunity. You'll come with me, Hal?'

'Better take Moxon, he may be of use. I'm none.'

Then Moxon agrees to go; and they talk excitedly together for a few minutes, and almost forget poor Joel, who is anxiously awaiting the upshot of it all.

'Well, are you satisfied, or do you still wish to fight me?' says Muiraven to him presently.

'I suppose I've no call to fight you, 'sir, if you really married her; but I must say I should like to see the lines.'

'You shall see them, Cray, for her sake as well as mine. And, meanwhile, what can I do for you?'

'I want nothing now, sir, but to go home again and look after mother and the little 'uns.'

'I cannot talk more to you at present, but you may be sure I shall see that none of her re-

lations want. Here is my address'—giving him a card—'any one will tell you where it is. Come to me there to-morrow evening, and we will consult what I can do to best prove my friendship to you.' Upon which Muiraven puts out his hand and grasps Joel's rough palm, and the poor, honest, blundering soul, feeling anything but victorious, and yet with a load lifted off his bosom, turns to grope his way downstairs.

'Don't you lose that card,' says Stratford, who steps outside the door to show him where to go; 'for I am sure his Lordship will prove a good friend to you, if you will let him be so.'

'His Lordship!' repeats Joel, wonderingly; 'which be a Lord? the little 'un?'

'No, no, the gentleman whom you call Hamilton. His real name is Lord Muiraven; you must not forget that.'

'A Lord—a real Lord—and he was married to my poor lass! No wonder it killed her! And that child, Tommy, a Lord's son. Darn it, how little difference there is between 'em when they're covered with dirt.' And the first chuckle that has left Joel's lips for many a long month, breaks from them as he steps carefully down the steep staircase, and ponders on the wonderful truth he has been told. 'A Lord's son,' he repeats, as he gains the street, and proceeds to shuffle back to the Docks again. 'That brat a Lord's son! Now, I wonder if my poor lass knew it all along; or, if not, if it makes her feel a bit easier to know it now.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Muiraven and Moxon have a long conversation together as they travel down to Glottonbury.

'I conclude this early marriage of yours was what people call a

love-match, eh?' remarks the latter inquisitively.

Muiraven colours.

'Well, yes, I suppose so; but love appears to us in such a different light, you know, when we come to a maturer age.'

'Never having had any experience in that respect, can't say I do know.'

'You are lucky,' with a sigh. 'What I mean to say is, that at the time I certainly *thought* I loved her. She was just the style of woman to inflame a boy's first passion—pretty features, perfect shape, and a certain air of *abandon* about her. And then she was several years older than myself!'

'Ah! I understand.'

'I was not "hooked," if you mean that,' says Muiraven quickly.

'I never knew a fellow yet, my dear boy, who acknowledged that he had been. But when a gentleman, under age—'

'I was two and twenty.'

'Never mind. You were as green as a school-boy. When a man, in your station of life, I repeat, is drawn into marriage with a woman from a class inferior to his own, and older than himself, you may call it what you choose, but the world in general will call it "hooking."'

'Well, don't let us talk of it at all, then,' says Muiraven.

'All right; we'll change the subject. How benstly cold it is.'

Yet, do what they will, the conversation keeps veering round to the forbidden topic till Muiraven has made a clean breast of it to his friend. Arrived at Glottonbury, they make round-about inquiries concerning Priestley and the Mordaunts, and there our hero learns, for the first time, of the Colonel's death and the subsequent departure of his widow. So that it is no surprise to Moxon and himself to be received by

Oliver only when they present themselves at Fen Court.

Of course the natural astonishment excited by the assertion that Tommy is Lord Muiraven's lawful heir has to be allayed by the explanation given above. And then Oliver, who has received the golden key to the mystery that has puzzled them, and knows much more about it than Saville Moxon, becomes quite friendly and intimate with Muiraven, and wants him to stay at the Court, and when his invitation is declined on the score of his visitor's anxiety to find Mrs. Mordaunt and the boy, shakes hands with him warmly, applauding his zeal, and wishing him all success in his undertaking, with an enthusiasm that awakens the barrister's suspicions.

'What the deuce was that fellow so friendly about?' he inquires, as they journey back to town. 'Why is he so anxious you should neither eat, drink, nor sleep till you get on the track of old Mordaunt's widow?'

'Why you know perfectly well she has the boy.'

'What of that? she won't eat him, I suppose; and what difference can a day, more or less, make to you before you see him?'

'You have evidently not much idea of paternal affection,' says Muiraven, as he strikes a fusee on the heel of his boot.

'Well, where the father has never seen his child, and didn't even know he had got one—I can't say I have.'

'I have already told you that I have seen him.'

'And liked him?'

'Very much! He is a charming little child!'

'Indeed! How curious! Now, I wonder if your liking for him arose from a natural instinct, or

from any extraneous circumstances that may have surrounded him. That question would form rather a neat psychological study.'

'I don't follow you, Moxon.'

'No? By the way, Muiraven, what became of that girl—now, what was her name?—Miss—Miss—St. John, wasn't it?—whom you were so keen after, a few seasons ago?'

'Keen after! How you do exaggerate, Moxon. Why she—she is Mrs. Mordaunt. I thought you knew that!'

'Oh!' says Moxon quietly.

'Pray have you anything more to say on this subject?' remarks his friend presently, with some degree of pique.

'Nothing whatever, my dear fellow—nothing whatever. Only pray let us do all in our power to get on the track of that *charming child* as soon as possible.'

'Moxon, I hate you!' says Muiraven shortly.

But he cannot afford to dispense with his aid nevertheless. The next day finds them at Laburnum Cottage, the residence of Mrs. Cavendish; and even that lady's state of flutter in receiving one of the aristocracy in her tiny drawing-room, cannot prevent her treating them to a burst of indignation at the conduct of her niece.

'So wrong,—so very wrong'—she affirms, with just a sufficient chance of breaking down to render it necessary to hold her cambric handkerchief in her hand—'so unusual—so peculiar—so strange of Mrs. Mordaunt to leave us without the slightest clue to her place of residence. And she might die, you know, my Lord, or anything else, and not a soul near her. I'm sure I feel quite ashamed if any one asks after her. And there was not the least occasion for concealment; though, as I always

say, we can expect no one to believe it.'

'Mrs. Mordaunt has probably her own reasons for acting as she does.'

'Oh, you are very good, to make excuses for her, my Lord. But she was always wilfully inclined. And the Colonel, whom we thought so much of, has behaved so badly to her, leaving all his money away to his nephew; and then, to make matters worse, Irene will continue to keep a dirty little boy whom she picked up in the village, although—'

'That dirty little boy is my son, Mrs. Cavendish.'

Mrs. Cavendish turns pale—starts, and puts up her handkerchief to her eyes. It cannot be true; and, if it is, that he should stand there and confess it! What are the aristocracy coming to?

Saville Moxon is so afraid the lady is about to faint, that he rushes to the rescue, giving her the whole story in about two words. Upon which she revives, and becomes as enthusiastic as Oliver was.

'Oh, my Lord, I beg a thousand pardons! I used the word "dirty" most unadvisedly. Of course she has kept him scrupulously clean, and has treated him just like her own child. And I always said—it was the remark of every one—what an aristocratic-looking boy he was. How surprised—how charmed she will be! Oh, you must find her; I am sure it cannot be so difficult. And I believe she's in England, though that horrid old Walmsley will not tell.'

'You think he knows her address, then?'

'I am sure of it; but it's no use asking him. I've begged and implored of him to tell me, but the most he will do is to forward my letters; and Irene always answers them through him, and there's an end of it.'



'And she is well?' demands Muiraven anxiously.

'Oh, the dear child's quite well, my Lord,' replies Mrs. Cavendish, mistaking the pronoun; 'you need have no fear of that. Her letters are full of nothing but Tommy. She little thinks whom she has got the charge of. She *will* be proud, I am sure.'

'I am afraid we must leave you now,' says her visitor, rising, 'as we must try and see Mr. Walmsley to-day.'

'Oh, can't you stay a few minutes longer—just ten? No! Well, then, good-bye, my Lord, and I hope you will let me know as soon as you have traced my niece.'

And Mrs. Cavendish, much to her chagrin, is left alone; for Mary, who has been upstairs all this time changing her dress, descends to the drawing-room in her new blue merino, all ready to captivate the Lordship, just as his Lordship's tall figure disappears outside the garden gate.

'Just a minute too late! What a pity!' thinks Mrs. Cavendish, as she puts up her eye-glass to watch the departure of the two young men. 'Well, he certainly is a fine-looking man. And fancy his being a widower! Not but what I think my Mary would be too sensible to object to that. And if the child were in the way, why, I dare say Irene wouldn't mind continuing the charge, as she seems so fond of it. Well, all I hope is, he'll come again, and I'll take good care next time that Mary is ready dressed to receive him. Such a chance to throw away! If he'd only seen her as she looks now, the girl's fortune would have been made.'

Old Walmsley, the solicitor, is a tougher customer to deal with than either of them anticipated,

and even Saville Moxon finds it beyond his skill to worm out anything from him that he doesn't choose to tell.

'It's all very well, gentlemen,' he says, in answer to their combined entreaties, 'but you're asking me to betray the confidence of one of my clients, which is a thing I've never done during a practice of five and thirty years, and which I don't intend to begin doing now.'

'But, look here, Mr. Walmsley,' says Muiraven, 'surely, under the circumstances, I have a right to demand Mrs. Mordaunt's address: she is detaining my child from me.'

'Then you can write and demand the child, my Lord, and the letter shall be duly forwarded to her.'

'But she may not answer it.'

'I think that very unlikely.'

'But I want to see the child.'

'I am sure my client will not detain it an hour longer than it is her due.'

'But I want to see *her*,' he bursts out impetuously.

Old Walmsley looks at him over his spectacles.

'I think you were the Honourable Eric Keir, my Lord?'

'What of it?'

'I was in the late Mrs. St. John's entire confidence.' Muiraven reddens.

'Well, if you were, you know the reason why I disappointed her. I have just told it you. I was a married man—I am a widower!'

'And Mrs. Mordaunt is a widow!'

'Exactly so. Moxon, for heaven's sake, can't you find something more interesting to stare at than myself? Now, will you give me her address, Mr. Walmsley?'

'I see no further reason for it, my Lord. You can still write.'

'This is too hard,' cries Muir-

aven impetuously, as he jumps up from his seat, and commences striding up and down the solicitor's office. 'My tongue has been tied for years. I have banished myself from her presence; I have even left home in order to avoid the temptation of speaking to her; and, now that the opportunity presents itself—now that at last I am able to—to—'

'Go on, Muiraven,' says Moxon encouragingly, 'to claim my charming child.'

'You shan't go down with me, wherever it is, for one,' replies Muiraven, flushing up to the roots of his hair, as he tries to turn off his rhapsody with an uneasy laugh. 'Mr. Walsley, is there no hope for me?'

'None that I shall betray Mrs. Mordaunt's confidence, my Lord.'

Muiraven sighs.

'Well, I suppose I must content myself with writing, then.'

'But if,' continues the old lawyer, slyly—if you were to set yourselves to guess the place where my client has hidden herself, why—why—'

'What then?' eagerly.

'I should be very much annoyed, my Lord—exceedingly annoyed; indeed,' with a low chuckle, 'were you to guess right, I think I should—I should—'

'What should you do?'

'Get up and leave the room, and slam the door behind me.'

'Come on, Moxon,' says Muiraven gleefully, as he draws a chair to the table again. 'Let's begin and guess all the places in England alphabetically, till we come to the right one.'

'But I don't know any of them. I've forgotten all about my geography,' replies Moxon.

'Oh, nonsense; it's as easy as can be. Now for A: Aldersgate (oh, no! that's in London). Aylesbury, Aberdeen, A——, A——.

Bother it! which are the places that begin with A?'

'Ammersmith,' suggests Moxon; at which old Walsley laughs.

'If you're going to play the fool, I give it up,' says Muiraven sulkily.

'All right, dear old fellow! I thought it did begin with A. Arundel, Aberystwith, Axminster. There are three proper ones for you instead.'

'Alnwick, Alresford, Andover,' continues his friend; and then, after a long pause, 'There are no more A's. Let's go on to B. Bristol, Brighton, Birmingham, Balmoral, Baltimore—'

'Stay; that's in America, old boy! Basingstoke, Bath, Beaminst. Doesn't it remind one of "I love my love with a B, because she is Beautiful. I hate her with a B, because she is Bumptious."'

'Can't you be sane for five minutes together, Moxon? If this matter is sport to you, remember it's death to me.'

'Better give it up, Muiraven, and write instead. You can't expect to go on at this rate and keep your senses. To go through all the towns in the United Kingdom, alphabetically, would ruin the finest mental constitution. Perhaps Mr. Walsley could oblige us with a Gazetteer.'

'I don't keep such a thing at my office, sir.'

'Let's try C, at all events, Moxon, and then I'll think about writing the letter. Cambridge, Canterbury, Carlisle, Cardiff, Cheltenham, Chester, Chatham—'

'Canton, Caribee Islands,' interposes Moxon.

'Chichester, Cornwall, Clifton,' goes on Muiraven, with silent contempt; 'Croydon, Cocklebury—Hollo! Moxon (starting), what's that?' as a loud slam of the office door interrupts his dreamy catalogue.

'Only that Walmsley has rushed out of the room as if the old gentleman were after him.'

'But what did I say?'

'Nothing that I know of. You were jabbering over your towns beginning with C.'

'But the word—the word—was it Croydon or Cocklebury? Don't you understand? I have hit the right one at last! By Jove! what luck! He is beaming all over, as he speaks, with love and expectation.'

'I suppose you must have; but I'm whipped if I know which it can be.'

'It's Cocklebury. I'm sure it's Cocklebury. It can't be Croydon. No one who wanted to hide would go to Croydon. It must be Cocklebury!'

'And where the deuce is Cocklebury?'

'Down in Hampshire, the most out-of-the-way place in the world. I was there once for a few days fishing; but how the name came into my head beats me altogether. It was Providence or inspiration that put it there. But it's all right now. I don't care for anything else. I shall go down to Cocklebury to-night.' And leaping up from his chair, Muiraven commences to button his great-coat and draw on his gloves again preparatory to a start.

'Hum!' says Moxon. 'You promised to see that man Cray to-night.'

'You can see him for me. You can tell him all I should have done. There is no personal feeling in the matter.'

'Cocklespillbury, or whatever its name is, being an obscure fishing hamlet, there is probably not another train to it to-day.'

'Oh, nonsense! there is a train—there must be a train—there shall be a train!'

'All right! And if not, you

can have a special. Money's no object.'

'Moxon, I always thought you were rather a well-meaning fellow; but it strikes me that you've not got much feeling in this matter.'

'I always thought you were a man of sense; but it strikes me that you're going to make an ass of yourself.'

'Do you want to quarrel with me?' says Muiraven grandly, as he steps opposite to his friend.

'Not in the least, my dear fellow; but if anything could make us quarrel, it would be to see you acting with so little forethought.'

'Ah, Moxon, you don't know what it is to—to—'

'To be the father of "a charming child," no; but if I were, I am sure I should defer seeing him till to-morrow.'

'Gentlemen, have you left off saying your A B C?' demands old Walmsley, as he puts his head in again at the door.

'My dear sir, I am so much obliged to you,' exclaims Muiraven, seizing his hand with unnecessary warmth.

'I'm rejoiced to hear it, my Lord; but what for?'

'For telling me Mrs. Mordaunt's address.'

'I'm sure I never told you that. It's against all my principles to betray a client's confidence.'

'But for slamming the door in that delightful manner. It comes to the same thing, you know. Cocklebury in Hampshire. There can't be two Cockleburys. And now I must be off to see if I can get a train down there to-night.'

'I can satisfy you on that point, my Lord. No train stopping at the nearest station to Cocklebury leaves town after two o'clock.'

'The devil!' says Muiraven.

'Come, Muiraven, be reason-

able. Keep your appointment with Cray this evening, and don't think of leaving London till to-morrow.'

'He can't do it,' interposes the solicitor drily.

'He is equal to anything: he will bestride a forty-horse power bicycle if I don't prevent him,' replies Moxon, laughing.

But Muiraven does not laugh. All the light seems to have faded out of his face.

'You are right, Moxon,' he says gloomily. 'Take me home, and do what you will with me. I am worse than a child.'

Old Walmsley sees them go with a sly chuckle and a rub of the hands.

'Hope I haven't departed from my principles,' he thinks to himself; 'but I couldn't have sent him away without it. Poor young thing. How it will brighten up her dull life to see him. And if it should come right at last—and it looks very much to me as if it were coming right—why—why, I hope they'll let me draw up the settlements—that's all.'

Joel Cray's untutored mind is vastly astonished by the reception which he receives at Lord Muiraven's hands that evening.

'I hope you understand perfectly,' says his host, when, after considerable difficulty, he has induced the rough creature to take a chair and sit down beside him, 'that I had no idea but that my wife had left me with another man, else I should have advertised openly for her, or set the detective officers to find out her address. But I feared that discovery would only lead to an exposure of my own dishonour, and preferred the silent, solitary life I have adhered to since. Could I have known that Myra was still true to me, I would have risked everything to

place her in the position she had a right to claim.'

'She was true to you, sir, and no mistake; for I don't mind a-telling you now, that I tried hard to make her my wife; but 'twern't of no good. She allays stuck to it that she couldn't forget you; and till strength failed her, she was on her feet a-tramping after you.'

'Whilst I was out of the country, trying to forget the disgrace which I thought attached to me. Poor Myra!'

'She's dead and done with, sir. It's no use our a-pipin' nor a-quarrellin' over her any more.'

'You speak very sensibly, Cray; but at the same time, I am anxious to show you that I regret the past, and should like to make some amends for it, if possible. I cannot let any of Myra's relations want. You tell me you are going back to Priestley. What do you do there?'

'I'm a day labourer, sir—my Lord, I mean,' with a touch of his hair.

'And your mother?'

'She takes in washin', my Lord, and has five little 'uns to keep on it.'

'It is those five little ones I wish to help her and you to maintain; so I have placed with my friend here, Mr. Moxon, who is a lawyer, two thousand pounds to be disposed of as you may think best; either placed in the bank to your credit, or laid out in the purchase of land, or in any way that may most conduce to your comfort.'

'Two—thousand—pounds!' repeats Joel, with drawn-out incredulous wonder, as he rises from his chair.

'Yes! that will bring you in about sixty pounds a year; or if you expend it in a little farm—'

'Two—thousand—pounds!' reiterates the labourer slowly, 'it ain't true, sir, surely?'

'I would not deceive you, Cray. I give it you, *not* as compensation for your cousin's blighted life, remember, but as a token that if I could I would have prevented her unhappiness. I loved her, Cray; didn't marry her to desert her. She deserted me.'

Joel's dirty, horny hand comes forth, timidly, but steadily, to meet Muiraven's.

'May I do it, sir? God bless you for them words. They're better than all the money to me. And if the poor gal can hear them too, I believe heaven looks the brighter to her. You're very good, sir. I ask your pardon humbly for all my bad thoughts towards you, and I hope as you'll get a good wife and a true wife yet. That'll be neither shame nor blame to you.'

'Thank you, Cray. I hope before long you'll do the same, and teach your children that gentlemen have hearts sometimes as well as poorer men. I shall always take an interest in you and your doings, and my friend here will see that the money I spoke of is handed over to you as soon as you are ready to receive it.'

'I don't know about the marrying, my Lord,' says Joel sheepishly, 'for it seems a troublous business at the best to me; but there'll be plenty of prayers going up for you from Priestley, and the worst I wishes for you is that they may bring you all the luck you deserve.'

'And to think,' he continues to himself as he returns to his own home, 'that that there's the chap I swore by my poor gal's grave to bring to judgment for her wrongs!'

The eleven o'clock train next day takes Muiraven down to the nearest town to Cocklebury. All by himself: he has positively refused to travel any more in Moxon's

company. Two hours bring him to the place; but there is no hotel there, only an old-fashioned inn, with raftered ceilings and diamond-shaped windows, called 'The Coach and Horses,' where our hero is compelled to put up and dine, whilst he sends a messenger over to Cocklebury. He has not come down unarmed, for he sat up late last night, writing a long detailed account to Mrs. Mordaunt of his early marriage and his wife's identity, so that the worst may be over before he and Irene meet again. And this letter, which winds up with an entreaty that he may go over at once to Cocklebury to see and claim his child, he despatches as soon as possible to Irene's residence, striving meanwhile to beguile his impatience by an attempt to masticate the freshly-killed beef which the landlady of the 'Coach and Horses' places before him, and which only results in his emptying the flask of cognac he has brought with him, and walking up and down the cold, musty-smelling, unused town, until he has nearly worked himself into a fever with impatience and suspense. How he pictures her feelings on opening that important packet! She will shed a few tears, perhaps, at first, poor darling, to learn he has ever stood in so close a relationship to any other woman; but they will soon dry up beneath the feverish delight with which she will recognise the truth that he is once more free—that they are both free, at last, to love and comfort one another. Ah! that he could but be on the spot to comfort her now! What is this fool of a messenger about not to return? It is not half a mile to Cocklebury! Why did he not go himself?

Peace! patience! He knows that he has done what is most right and proper in sending an

avant-courier to apprise her of his coming; and it will not—it cannot be long before he holds her in his arms again.

*In his arms!* God of heaven! how they tremble at the thought—in his arms!—that have seemed so many times to fold her sweet self against his heart, and closed upon the empty air instead! In his arms! *His darling—his Irene—the one love of his life!* He will kiss away her tears; he will pour his protestations of fidelity in her ear—he will have the right now to explain everything—to atone for everything—to offer her the rest of his existence as reparation for the past! And she—his injured angel—his dear, suffering martyr—what a vista of happiness will open out before her!—what a —. Hark! what was that? A tap at the door.

'Come in! come in!'

His messenger has returned: the landlady appears before him holding forth an envelope.

'Give it me—at once!' He tears it from her hand impetuously, and she says afterwards, with some degree of umbrage, that the gentleman looked more like a hungry wolf at her than a man who had had his dinner at the 'Coach and Horses.'

The room is dark and gloomy. He takes the precious letter to the window; his hand shakes, so that

he can scarcely open it. At last! yes, it is her dear writing. Before he reads it, he presses kisses on the senseless paper:—

'MY DEAR LORD MUIRAVEN,

'I HAVE received your letter. I need not tell you that its contents were a great surprise to me. I was aware, from certain papers belonging to his mother, and confided to me after her death, that my adopted child was your son; but I was little prepared to hear that he had been born in wedlock. For his sake, I sincerely rejoice that it should be so. I can fully enter into your natural anxiety to claim and acknowledge him, and I will send him to you with as little delay as possible. But you must forgive me for declining your kind offer to visit me here, for I have literally seen no one since my dear husband's death, and feel quite unequal to the task of receiving visitors. If you will be so good as to let me know how and when Tommy is to join you, I will be careful to see your wishes are attended to.

'Believe me yours sincerely,

'IRENE MORDAUNT.'

She will not see him—will not receive him at her house. What devil's charm is again at work to circumvent their meeting?





## NEW YEAR'S DAY WITH OBERON.

HUNDREDS of years ago the fairies became tired of their immortality; but do not imagine I ask your patience for a story hundreds of years old. The things I am about to relate are newest of the new. If you are acquainted with 'The Adventures of Tele-machus,' you will remember that the grief of Calypso, for the departure of Ulysses, would admit of no comfort, and that she regretted her immortality as that which could only perpetuate affliction and aggravate calamity by despair. Well, it was the same with the fairies in the very long ago. They knew that their pleasures in merry England were departing, and they regretted they lived a life which they could not end. Their old enemy, Progress, had come upon them un-awares, and defeated them. They saw that they must leave their forest homes in England, or submit to the humility of being driven away by the iron-handed, iron-hearted subjects of Progress.

'Yes,' said Oberon at that sad time, 'we must leave our old homes. We have been defeated, and the brass-headed king already vaunts his power. Whilst we have been sleeping in our false security he has been considering our certain overthrow; and labour, which conquers all, whether for good or evil, has given him success. He has brought to bear against us all manner of machines that are new, and strange, and horrible. We cannot take them; and if we could, their uses are unknown to us, and we should do more harm than good. King Progress has astonished us, and he declares he will astonish the world of mortals; and moreover, he says they shall bless him for it. I know that

men are often stupid in their desires and in their thanks, but I cannot think that they will be glad to see their beautiful land laid waste, nor can I think that they will joyfully stoop to kiss the hand that plucks away their ease.'

A white full moon shone in a clear sky, and bound up the blossoms with laces of light, and consoled them with cool, refreshing kisses. The fairies were lying about in disconsolate moods, and Oberon stood in their midst addressing them. When he finished his speech they sighed, and were not comforted. They did not move and they did not speak.

Then Oberon said: 'I did not think that I was so defeated. I have lost the power to make you prosperous, and I have lost your love.' All the fairies were on their legs in a minute, and the king was assured of their loyalty. They asked for his forgiveness, and he answered, 'Nay, 'tis I who need forgiveness, for sure it was a fault to doubt your love. Let us have music for remembrance.'

The music began. It came unperceived from no place and from all places, like the scent of forest flowers. It came to them as Ariel's music came to the moon-struck mariners—with this difference, that while the mortals marvelled, the fairies knew all. The music wandered about with the wind. It was sad, it was soft, it was joyful. You have heard the 'Lieder ohne Worte,' and perhaps you have felt a great swelling, tearful joy, and given your silent benison to the glorious German Jew. This being so, you know the music that could solace the fairies. It glided over the grass and touched the blades like a

harp. It went with the moonshine on the brook, and whispered with the water. It made the leaves laugh as it sank through the trees to sleep in the flower-cups.

Then Oberon, seeing that his subjects were comforted, spoke again to them: 'Our love will be our safety. The coming of King Progress will be our benefit. We shall see his work and hate it; and even Progress himself shall grow tired of his handiwork, and come to us for a solace. Let us not be too heavy-hearted. This change is in accordance with the law of things. Does not the moon change, and is it not sweet in its changes? And does not the earth itself change with the seasons? Yes; and one season is the promise of another. The blossom of spring is the promise of fruit in the autumn; and summer loses her power, even as we do, that she may have it again. Did not Apollo unseat the old god of Olympus? and did not even we ourselves drive away from the forests the nymphs and satyrs, and the dryads and fauns, even as we are being driven away ourselves? And one day we shall come again and drive this clever carpenter and all his dirty host into the limbo of lunatics; for our power, being for the beautiful, cannot die. Has not our own sweet Adonis told us that it is the eternal law that first in beauty shall be first in might? And by that everlasting law, which was from the first and will be to the last, we shall come again, and make our conquerors mourn as we do now. Our power is its own life, and will not die though it may sleep.'

That night the fairies left England with sad, silent hearts. They have been from that day to this in a warm western island, where the leaves are large, and where the

moonlight rests on the forest undergrowth like mellowed sunshine.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some months ago Oberon called Puck to him and said, 'Puck, my boy, we will go to England; you and I, and nobody by.' Even Puck was astonished at this sudden outburst of resolution; and he was pleased, too, but he said nothing. 'Yes, we will go to England,' continued Oberon, walking slowly round a tree and looking on the ground, with his hands behind his back. 'Why don't you say something?' he shouted, rushing at Puck and shaking him. 'I say we will go to England. You are losing all respect and friendship, and are becoming as stupid as a mortal.'

'To merry England?' asked Puck, ironically; 'why should we go there?'

'To see it, stupid. Have you no love for England—the old England that we knew? I wish to see what Progress has done—to see if he has had his day; to see if the turn of the tide is at hand. Some specimens of his handiwork have reached us even here. The last week brought us a peculiar book of only four pages, with the day of the week printed on it, and the day of the month. We must go to England, Puck. It will be mine again some day, and then you will have your old powers and privileges, Puck. I tell you that Oberon and his people shall have the English villages again. The candle of progress is more than half burnt. It will be in the socket soon, and go out with a splutter.'

'And then he will light another,' said Puck. 'I hope you don't think Progress has only one candle. He has candles of all descriptions and all colours. If he cannot catch them with a green candle, he will

light an ethereal blue one, and cock his right eye up to heaven.'

'You are partly right, my boy. He is very strong in all his movements, and hypocritical. However, it can do no harm to see how things stand now. You shall go as my companion, Puck. Polit shall go as our political representative; Cricket as our social critic; and Milkway shall be our spiritual guide. Five of us, and no more. How say you, Puck?'

'You began with two—you and I, and nobody by, as you were pleased to put it; but I shall be glad if you adopt the additional three, for I think this sudden pilgrimage will make you bilious, and I would rather that your displeasure should be visited on four than on one. There is small choice in rotten apples, as Willie hath told us; but if one must needs take a rotten apple, part thereof is better than the whole. The wise ones shall eat their share.'

'The journey will do you good, Puck. You are getting as sour as a pale lemon; and I have known you write amorous ballads, and go about in a perpetual smile like a harvest moon.'

'I was in England then, as England was, and had Willie of Avon for a teacher. I am like *Æschylus* now; I cannot compose unless I have something good to drink, and plenty of it. I must have beer or Devonshire cider. I am not one of the *Abii*.'

'Well, unless you improve in your disposition, I hope there will be cause for further comparison between you and *Æschylus*. You remember that an eagle with a tortoise in her bill flew over his bald head, and, supposing it to be a stone, dropped her prey upon it to break the shell.'

'It would have been hard lines for the tortoise if you had been there,' said Puck, who thought it

advisable to take his sudden departure.

It was decided that the expedition should be so timed that Oberon and his small band of followers might be in England in the depth of winter. Oberon promised Titania he would be away only a very little time, and similar promises were made to the sweet wives of Polit, Cricket, and Milkway. As for Puck, he has no wife. He has tender thoughts about an Indian fairy, whose eyes and teeth and lips are ever in his mind; but the matter stands in abeyance, and sometimes he is heard to say with the Athenian cynic, that philosophy has taught him to live with himself.

The morning came when Oberon should start upon his travels. The fairy boat with its white silken sails was rocking itself in the bay. The fairies had gathered under the great trees to witness the going forth in the morning light to the old home. Some heard pleasant prophecies in the wind that good should come of it. When all the arms of all the fairies were tired with waving 'faint fare-thee-wells' they turned to leave the shore. The fairy boat was lost to sight in the flood of the blazing sunrise.

Puck was very lazy and disagreeable. He opposed his royal master and his three wiseacres on all points of discussion. The voyage was rather a sad one, for the fairies cannot be drowned, and they knew nothing of fear and hope and the variety of passions that work upon humanity. You may ask why they did not fly? Well, I cannot explain the caprice of fairies any more than I can tell you the motive of human actions. It may be that flying is laborious, and especially over seas. When the blue hills of *Mona* came within sight there were smiles on all faces. There is a grot above

Douglas Head, and at high tide it is half full of water. The boat was steered to this sheltered haven, and when the tide went down the boat was left where no mortal could see it. The fairies were seated round the boat watching the rising moon that was struggling above the sea.

Suddenly there was a terrific noise that very much astonished Oberon and his wise men. They looked perplexed and uncomfortable.

'Progress is up to a trick to frighten us,' said Oberon. 'We must not be daunted. Puck, you shall reconnoitre this island before we visit it. There was a time when it was a favourite with us; but things are so altered that it will be well to be cautious. Puck, you shall report. Be back in an hour, and find out the cause of that unnatural sound. Probably it was an earthquake, and yet I perceived not any shaking of the ground.'

An hour passed, and Puck had not returned. Two hours passed, and Puck came not. At the end of the third hour there was a sound of revelry by night.

'Go find the meaning of this noise,' said Oberon; and the three wise ones ran out of the grot quickly. They were pelted with pebbles, and set up a howling which greatly ruffled their dignity. They were followed by Puck, smoking a cigar and trying to laugh and sing at the same time.

'Nay, my lord and most mighty king,' said Puck, noticing the rising displeasure in the countenance of Oberon, 'you must not rebuke me. I did not know I was pelting my friends the wise ones. I ask your pardon and theirs. I begin to see our expedition will be fraught with pleasure and novelty. There is something good in this Progress. This, my lord, is a cigar. It is pleasant to realise things that have

only been known to us by name. You light one end, as you are aware by legend, and you draw at the other; the smoke comes into your mouth, and the burden thereof is pleasantness. We must take as many back with us as we can. I have been drinking beer with sailors, and have gone at one step two hundred years into the past.'

In five minutes Oberon and the wise ones were initiated into the mysteries of smoking.

'Well, what was the noise we heard?' asked Oberon.

'When a steamer comes from England with people who are in search of pleasure, it is a custom to fire a cannon. It is done to refresh the memories of mortals who have suffered from sea-sickness, and it is considered a pleasant surprise for people with weak nerves. You know what a cannon is. That was the sound we heard. The steamer "Snacfell" had just arrived.'

'I hope the sound will not be repeated,' said Oberon.

'Yes, in the morning when the next steamer comes in,' replied Puck.

'We must be gone before then.'

'Won't you stay to see the railway?' suggested Puck. 'They've got a railway here.'

'A railway!' exclaimed Oberon.

'We will go at once. A railway in an island that you can almost jump across! Why they will have a railway upstairs to bed next. I am well-nigh tired of my travels already. We must leave this place at once.'

When Oberon spoke it was law. Within half an hour they were sailing away from Manxland.

Two or three months afterwards Oberon and his fairy band were in possession of a secluded dell in the heart of a forest near London. Winter had whitened all the lane. The stream was frozen and covered

with a shining dust. The boughs were bent with snow. The stems in the underwood were frozen. There were no flowers to please the eye nor birds to please the ear.

'This is the only pleasant time I have had since we came to this spoiled country,' said Oberon. 'I am heartily sick of this pilgrimage. Your excesses alone have been sufficient for that, Puck. You have been taken in with every new toy and behaved yourself like a friend of the acknowledged enemy. True fairyhood is forsaking you. I myself have tested the toys, and I admit——'

'Nay, my lord,' said Puck, 'I hope you will not make any excuses—*qui s'excuse s'accuse*.'

'Be that as it may, in thirty hours we will go back to simplicity, peace, and quietness. This is New Year's Day. What memories hang about it! The appearances of things on this day are prophetic. Therefore I want ye all to take your last journey, and look on the world with a quiet eye. Go to London, and tell me after, not exactly what you have seen, but what you thought of what you saw when you saw it. We have seen much already, but go this last journey—for it is New Year's Day. I shall only have time to hear your prologues; then we will go, and have the rest in fairyland. I have no desire to go myself; I am sick of the whole thing, and I want to be alone for a little while. You must not be together or you will tell the same tale, and that would be very tedious. Each one take his own road, but come back to my time, which is moonrise.'

Puck was the last to leave. He stayed to suggest that Oberon was rather heavy, and recommended him brandy and soda. Oberon took no notice of this recommendation beyond throwing a snow-ball at

Puck, who received it in his left ear, and departed.

'Well,' said Puck, as he turned away, 'they may say what they have a mind to, but I never liked England better than I do at this moment. It is full of real life and novelty.'

'Ah, there have been fearful changes,' said Oberon, when he was alone. 'We have gone through big panting towns and cities of smoke, and grime, and ghastly houses, where pale-faced women crawl about in rags and do not know the blush of shame. And we have seen—I dare not think what. It is a strange life that men live in a big city. They have beautiful churches, and wise men preach sermons that the poor cannot understand, and children sit outside in the gutter and watch the great painted windows and dream of bread, while wealth is inside taking paradise by compulsion. There are policemen who take up little boys that have no homes—some little boys are so wicked that they have no parents; but it is beautiful to know that though they have evaded the law and tried to earn something to eat by selling matches they cannot escape justice, and they are duly punished. The angels weep at man's mockery of man, but what think they of man's mockery of little helpless children, who go barefooted about the golden streets and cry for hunger in cities of perpetual feasting? When I think of it, I almost blush myself that I should have seen a man (and I have seen thousands) who dare go home to a great fire and a comfortable bed with the knowledge that just outside his house some little child, whose only crime is the cruelty of others, is shrinking in the cold up a yard, trying to sleep, but fearing the policeman's lamp. There is something

wrong somewhere, and they all seem content to let it go on wrong. That they should eat meat and drink wine, and allow children to bear the pain and suffering of the world, is very, very strange. I suppose it is all right and consistent with Christianity and good government. Great things are done here in the way of combination, palaces are built, and learned societies are formed; but still the children are under the lamps with great hungry eyes; and men can see them and pass on without fearing an earthquake! We have passed miles of mills and factories, towns and dirt, and everything smells of man and his gross conceit. They will have nothing above them. I have seen men working in the fields that have spent the whole of their dinner hour in reading a newspaper. There was a time when the farmer would troll a catch and look in the face of nature; but now he must needs send his sympathy into a printed pot-house. My forests have been cut down, and my meadows, where flowers clustered together in the summer, have been laid waste. Hedges, where the hawthorn grew and tempted the villagers on May morn, have been cut down, and railways have been put in the place; and the old country life is dying out. The great castles that stood gloriously among the forests throughout the land have crumbled to heaps of stones. When I saw Berry Pomeroy, remembrance made my heart ache. The stout halls have been changed to little pasteboard castles, and the big cozy kitchens, with their wide fire-places and great roaring fires, are turned into kitchen ranges. Fancy sitting round a range to tell stories! The thatched cottages, with their little gardens, where all sweet

things grew in a heap, are turned into villas, and things that grow are trained in A B C order. The rooms are few, square, and alike, and suggestive of nothing but utility; and this is the character of the people who live in them. Everything goes by machinery; men travel by steam on land and sea. They have steam in their business; it is with them day and night; and the result is that men themselves are machines. They move their arms and legs by machinery, they speak by machinery, and they act by machinery. There is no rest in them; they must always be going somewhere or doing something; but they do not enjoy restlessness, nor do they enjoy rest; and peace they do not understand. If they slept away an afternoon under a hedge in summer it would be a waste of time, the thought of which would frighten them for a year. It would be the same if they attempted to sit idle by the winter fire. I pity the craving people. They have learnt to put their food on their backs and sleep in their pockets. They have made devils that will not leave them. Titania, I would not have you see this island now—this land that was once merry England. The gullible fools have spoilt the beauty of the land with their steam trumpery, and now they are trying to make themselves mad with too much drink, work, action, talk, and wrangling. If death were to still them all in the night, and Nature were to do her utmost, she could not in a thousand years repair the damage done to her green world by these busy, meddling, muddling, conceited mortals. And they are hugging themselves with the notion that they have improved their position, and yet they are not so happy as they were, nor so



healthy. I have scarcely patience to think of them. I have half a mind to go back at once, and leave that ass Puck and the others to follow.'

The time drew nigh when Puck and the wise ones should return. First came Polit. He did not go into raptures and embrace his master. He looked dismal, and said he was quite ready to go home. Then came Cricket, who also expressed his willingness to return at a very early period. Milkway was not long after them. He simply said the pilgrimage was a mistake, and hoped, for their own sakes, that many thousands of years would go before England again fell into their possession.

'I see how it is with you,' said Oberon. 'I am not surprised. I share your weariness. Life under Progress would almost make mortals of us.'

Then came Puck full of laughter. His cheeks were aglow, and in his eyes there was the old light of mischief and merriness. 'This is a glorious land we have come to. It is a paradise of novelty. Wit, wisdom, and work have formed a world that would make the angels laugh and the devils weep. If you have eyes there is a lasting feast for you; if you have ears there is a lasting feast for you; and if you have reason there is a lasting feast for you. Let us not despise this Progress; he has drawn out good qualities and bad, and mixed them into a delightful conglomeration.'

'It is indeed time we returned,' said Oberon. 'Where are my trees, my hedges, and the old life that gave peace and plenty?'

'The trees have gone to make a thousand things of use and ornament,' said Puck, 'and where hedges have gone, it has been that people might have something to eat instead of something to look

at. As for the old life, it is gone, and the old ignorance and old misrule have gone with it.'

'Puck, you are corrupted,' said Oberon, 'and I am not eager to hear you speak again. What did you notice, Cricket?'

'Many things, my lord, that made me grieve. I saw how eager men have been to win things that supply ornamentation. They have striven that they might eat their food like things of wax and serve starvation up with plate. The trick of living by rule has brought these poor creatures to such a state of mind that they really believe that to dine will do them no good unless their coats are cut in a peculiar manner. They also have an idea that they cannot comprehend stage plays unless they wear white ties. Neither are sermons considered of any value unless the preacher dress himself like an amateur ghost, and speak in an unnatural voice and gloomily. It reminds me of the old river where all the fishes were alike. Can you deny this, Master Puck?'

'No, indeed I cannot. It is such things that have afforded me amusement. It is absurdity in human life that amuses me. Do not mistake me. I do not say they live altogether a wise life here, but one capable of making me laugh for days together. There are, nevertheless, many good things that once had no existence, and many evils along with them; and many old glories are, alas! dead and gone.'

'I forgive you somewhat for this, Puck,' said Oberon, embracing him. 'Let us hear your voice, Polit. What has struck you as strange and unnatural?'

'The whole thing; but above all it seemed strange to me to be in a city crowded with dying men. They are all dying, every man;

and although they know it, they don't believe it. Numbers die every day, and are buried, and in a hundred years they are made into mortar wherewith to build churches and chapels.'

'I do not like thy sweet fancy,' said Puck.

'Each man chuckles with the idea that death is something that will carry off his neighbour,' continued Polit. 'I am not in the humour to throw stones at these poor people either. They are mistaken even unto blindness. They have paid men to stand on moral platforms and preach at them to the effect that there are only so many days in the year and only so many hours in the day, and that they should be up and doing, and grasp and struggle, and lose no time. As things go now I would much rather hear a plea for idleness. These false moral appeals have often been the means of grinding the bodies and souls of men out of all sympathy with health and heaven. They have been too enthusiastic for toil, and have loved too much the gold it will bring. They have been up and doing the thing to death. They have been up and doing themselves injuries. They have been violating the laws of gentleness and quietness, which are the secret of man's happiness and that peace of mind which passeth all understanding. Man has an idea that to do his duty is the secret of happiness. How should he then have hope? But every man has his own idea of duty, and his own idea, of course, allows him to outrage all the virtues under the sun in the name of duty. It reminds me of Polonius and the players: "My lord, I will use them according to their desert." And you remember Hamlet's reply: "Odd's bodikin, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whip-

ping! Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty." Duty shuts out mercy and makes a fool of equity. Men have been flattering themselves with the idea that it is their duty to get gold. Work is the way to do it; therefore, as man makes his own gods still, work is duty also—work by day and night is sacred. Thus have they been engendering fevers of the mind which are worse than fevers of the body, and they have been up and doing so much that wisdom sits in a lunatic asylum, and industry crawls about with bleared eyes and stunted growth. And when learning has escaped the lunatic asylum she has travelled on to suicide. Others have sunk down suddenly and died; and so thoroughly have their brothers been imbued with the spirit of Progress that they have scarcely found time to bury the dead. Progress sticks at nothing: he will turn days into nights, men into monkeys, and children into scholars and little men and women. Go into the city and see Progress, the Golden Calf of the nineteenth century. See how the iron gilt-covered god thickens man's blood, and see how the hot hungry-eyed people elbow each other and hammer their heads and hearts out of shape in the worship of Progress and his pennies. And see how mothers and fathers bring home this orthodoxy to their offspring; and what have dear little children that we always loved—what have they done that they should have their young hearts cooled and their sweet faces paled with early wisdom? Progress has laid his iron hand on all classes of men, from peasants to preachers. Peasants harangue their fellow-workers in the field and seek for the honours of Parliament; and preachers are not satisfied with the

old truths—they have their novel-ties. They pray for the poor, and while the poor starve they bury money under their churches. Let me not breathe a word against the good pastor who lives with God in humbleness, and who does his work without parade.'

'And that is the humour of it, I suppose, as Nym would say,' observed Puck.

'You had best be still,' said Oberon to Puck, 'or you will be remembered in the epilogue.'

'His curses and his blessings touch me alike, my lord,' replied Puck. 'They are breath I do not believe in.'

'The thing they call Progress,' continued Polit, 'is not Progress at all. He is the counterfeit with a good name. He is the villain who poisoned the king his brother, that "from a shelf the precious diadem stole and put it in his pocket." But there is some hope for them. even now, if they will worship beauty—if they will leave the poison of the world, and seek an antidote in idleness. Thus they may know the beauty of the land wherein they live, even now in its smoke and ruins. Idleness is full of rest and romance. It is the one sweet pleasure on earth. It is the inspiration of true poets. It is the paradise of gentle hearts. A bad man may be idle, but he cannot enjoy it, and its deep, lasting joys are a sealed book to him.'

'I approve your sentiments, Polit,' said Oberon, 'although you yourself have not been very idle.'

'Progress is not entirely an ass, you know,' said Puck, 'or any other power that could give the electric telegraph, steamboats, railways, newspapers, and sewing machines.'

'Especially sewing machines,' repeated Oberon scornfully. 'How say you, Milkway, are you delighted with the new world?'

'No, indeed; these men delight not me.'

'Then I think they should,' said Puck. 'If you have any profession for things spiritual or any knowledge thereof, you must either have been lifted up or gone about with your eyes shut. Was there ever a time when men produced finer music, poems, or pictures? and are not these "the heart of your mystery?"'

'I acknowledge these works, and I am thankful for them,' returned Milkway, mildly; 'but you must remember, Puck, that though it is this age that has given birth to the men, it is not this age that has given birth to the themes. The fine poems sing of an old world, and the fine paintings are pictures from the old world and its old sweet stories. There are exceptions, but even the exceptions are inspired by the world that was, and not the world that is. These good artists are the high souls who are as displeased with the world as it is as we are, and by means of music, poetry, and painting they can go back in spirit to the old world, and take others along with them. They are so displeased with the new world that they are learning to be recluses.'

Oberon smiled the smile of satisfaction.

'Your argument is somewhat one-sided, after all,' said Puck. 'You tell us it is the old world that has given inspiration for the good work; but you must know as well as I do that pure and high art has been accomplished, and not by men only, but by women also, who have never shown their power until the present age; and this work has been inspired by life as it is.'

'We know your obstinacy,' said Oberon.

'It may be my honesty. I say

there are many good things of art now that were never before. Why, even if we come down to mechanical matters, we have such things as watches and musical boxes. Was ever anything made in Rome or Greece that showed as much ingenuity?

'Yes, certainly,' answered Polit. 'Callicrates made ants and other insects with ivory, and made them so small that they could scarcely be seen.'

'I should think they never were seen,' said Puck.

'Oh, yes, they were,' continued Polit; 'and he engraved some of Homer's verses upon a grain of millet; and there was Archytas, who made pigeons that would fly.'

'Pigeons are made now that fly,' said Puck; 'and they are shot at by sportsmen, instead of killing live ones, an evidence of humanity that did not exist when Callicrates showed his ingenuity in uselessness.'

'The idea of shooting at false birds is characteristic,' replied Polit. 'They have false teeth, false hair, false morals, and their life altogether is false, and their way to heaven equally false.'

'Their creative and imitative faculties prove them to be nearer heaven than they used to be,' urged Puck.

'I will try a set with you, Sir Pestiferous Puck.' It was Oberon who spoke. 'You talk about your poets: where is there a poet now like Antipater of Sidon? He could compose verses extempore on any subject.'

'I could mention a living poet,' answered Puck, 'who can compose whole books of verse without any subject at all, as far as anybody can make out.'

'I will have no more talk with thee,' said the king.

And now Polit again took arms

against Puck: 'What have you to say for their gold-getting eagerness?'

'It is an incentive to healthy action, which is the law of nature.'

'It is a rare land for an Antiochus.'

'It is a rare land for any one with a head. Why an Antiochus?'

'He used to empty bags of money into the streets to see the people's eagerness to gather it.'

'It is a great pity he had not something better to do,' said Puck.

'I almost blush that you should defend these worshippers of Progress,' said Milkway. 'There are a thousand things to condemn them.'

'And a thousand and one in their defence,' replied Puck.

'What especial sore point is irritating you?'

'When they are not making either fools or machines of themselves they eat and drink all manner of new things, and they have all manner of new complaints, justifying what was preached by Antiphanes, who used to say that all diseases originated from the variety of food that was eaten.'

'They may have new complaints,' said Puck, 'but they know how to cure them, and they know how to cure the old ones, which is more than Antiphanes knew; and if they have new complaints they have new pleasures; and all the complaints now do not kill as many as they used, because there are now physicians in the place of impostors who pretended to cure by charms. You are all too full of wise saws and ancient instances, whereas it is the modern instances that are more valuable. You only try to show how great the old people

were, and this every age attempts to prove of itself. I think I could show you from their own history how small they were. What can you say for the wisdom of the people who heard Aristarchus of Samos? He taught that the earth turned round its axis and revolved round the sun, and it nearly proved fatal to him. He was accused of disturbing the peace of the gods. People used to be so stupid that they became famous for it. You know the celebrated grammarian of Samos left two sons who were both famous for their stupidity, and for nothing else. Then there was Amphistides, who was so naturally destitute of intellect that he seldom remembered he ever had a father. He wished to learn arithmetic, but he could never comprehend beyond the figure 4. Anaximenes, the philosopher, considered the earth as a plain, and the heavens as a solid concave figure, on which the stars were fixed like nails; and the people, of course, believed him. You know there was a comic writer in the age of Demetrius who said that philosophers were wise only in their speeches, and fools in their actions; but here, to my mind, was a philosopher who was a fool in his speech. Cretensis, another wise ass, wrote a book in praise of drunkenness. I will

mention, too, the famous geometer of Syracuse, who believed that by means of his machines he could move the earth with ease, if placed on a fixed spot near it. *If placed on a fixed spot near it!* Don't you admire that? Do not think I rely on solitary instances. I can give you a case of universal stupidity. You remember that a report once prevailed in Amyclæ that the enemies were coming to storm it. The rumour was false, and the inhabitants made a law that forbade such a report to be credited; and when the enemy really did arrive no one mentioned it or took up arms in his own defence, and the town was easily taken. If you have not had enough, I can give you more.'

'No,' said Oberon; 'we will have no more. Our stay here must be brief. We have noticed your love for this land, and we give you permission to stay here, if you wish it. We wait for your answer.'

'My lord, I do love this land,' replied Puck; 'and that I may love it still more, I will leave it. Absence makes the heart grow fonder. Friends of New England, would that you could hear my New Year's greeting. Your friend in fairyland wishes you health and happiness—wealth and wisdom.'

JOHN O' DREAMS.



## RUSSIA.

'Tis said in London that three times a year  
They see the sun, and there are great rejoicings.'

**E**VEN so; and we trust when the fair northern princess lands on Albion's shores, in all her youth, her beauty, and her happiness, that bright Sol may shed forth his rays from beneath the murky January sky, and smile on the Gordian knot so lately tied at St. Petersburg between the Czar of Russia's 'little maid' and the Duke of Edinburgh. We feel sure, were the old custom revived which obliged the bride, on her return from the ceremony, to pull off the buskins of the bridegroom, and to judge from their contents whether he would prove a tyrant or a lover, she would not find in them the whip, but myrrh and balm would drop out of the royal boots.

In Russia the very strictest rules were observed with regard to matrimony in former days. The betrothed party only met once before their alliance, and the husband was most severe at any breach or suspicion of fidelity. The conjugal escapades of the present time would not have been tolerated, and the vengeance of the stern rebel Stenko Rasin to the lady of his love, whom he immersed for evermore in the waters of the Volga, would have proved a warning to all not to fire the spark of jealousy in their chieftains. This deed occurred in the seventeenth century, during his rebellion against the Grand Duke of Moscow, further particulars of which are found in the 'Episodes de l'Histoire de Russe,' with a preface by Prince Augustin Gallitzen. We transcribe the following lines:

'The barge was moored on Volga's shore, the stream  
Went murmuring sorrowfully past;

The water lilies played amidst the gleam  
Their golden armour, moonlit, cast.

'Mute sat the Persian captive by her mate,  
And gazed on her lover askance;  
A little of love, and something of hate,  
Were couched in that dubious glance.

"Base that I am," he cried, "dear stream to thee,  
Who, rebel too, with willing waves,  
Hast borne my armies up to victory,  
And floated down the gold and slaves."

'He moved, he turned, and smiling on her charms,  
He met that look of love and hate;  
Lightly he took her in his mail'd arms,  
And casting, left her to her fate.

'One lily more went shimmering midst the gleam  
Their golden armour, moonlit, cast;  
That lily sank beneath the stream,—  
Volga went sadly murmuring past.

"Murmur no more," the chief replied,  
"No more:  
What I loved best to thee I gave!"  
His fierce men shuddered, but from fear forebore  
The Persian lady's life to save.'  
*Unknown.*

Warlike and fierce princes have governed the country, and on the pages of its history are recorded deeds of dark violence and cruel treachery, such as, we fear, must ever characterise a despotic rule; and it is refreshing to turn our attention to the serfs, and read how attached they were to their masters, and how contented with their state of servility and dependence, although the nobility was a proud and arbitrary race, with absolute power over their lives and properties. In Russia a father or mother is indispensable, and those who have none choose a brother, uncle, or even a stranger, to fill



that position, which is considered the first social link. Even their landlord they call 'batiushka,' or 'little father.' Cheerfully they toil in the fields, singing at their work:

'With merry smile, a jovial song,  
Chattering all the six days long,  
The Russians work, a happy throng,  
Keep the fast, and keep the feast,  
And rest from Saturday to Monday.'

We might almost compare Russia to a kaleidoscope, so various are its dialects, Lithuanian, Tarto-Finnic, and Polish; so mixed its race, Mongols, Manaschoures, Samojedis, and Ostiaks mingling their blood in one common stream; so diverse its climate, hot, cold, and temperate; and over what an immense tract of land it extends! Its sway is owned from the golden Ural mountains, and the chilling marshes which border the White and Frozen Seas, to the fertile plains of the Crimea, 'the paradise of Russia;' from Tartary on the east to the dim Baltic, on whose barren coasts lies Finland, that 'land of twilight,' where, as Cus-tine observes, 'the religious gloom of midnight is forgotten, where the sun of the north, like an alabaster lamp, burns nights and days without interruption. Like a melancholy light over a vault it scarcely enlightens—like a poet wrapt in a vision, and hoary in years. It is Ossian who remembers his loves no more, and listens only to the 'voices of the tomb.'

In the dark ages of the fifteenth century, one of the wild hordes on the banks of the Dnieper and Volk-hof, hearing of the rich plains of the Volga, came up in large numbers, and established themselves where the city Kier now stands. They were called Slavi, and gradually spread as far as the Baltic. Many tribes submitted to them; but the Novogodians, who had been their allies, bethought to be their masters, and, after fierce engage-

ments, subjugated them, and established a monarchy under Ruric, 860 B.C. By a clever stratagem, his successor, Oleg, acquired possession of Kier. Disguising himself as a Novogorod merchant going on commercial business to Byzantium, he asked permission to pass through the town, and, feigning illness, begged the princes to pay him a visit. The royal brothers agreed, and arrived on the banks of the river but slightly attended. Oleg's followers, who lay concealed in the boats, darted out and killed them, exclaiming, 'Let Kier be mother of all the Russian cities!'

'The chief stepped on the shore; in his  
blood-red hand,  
What once was a banner he joyously  
waved:

A fluttering rag—'tis the enemy's  
flag—

Our own in the deep with the leader  
is saved.

Forty-three went down the river  
Singing merrily, singing merrily;  
Twenty-three came up the river  
Singing merrily, singing merrily.'

Elated with success, he next cast an envious eye on Byzantium, the queen of the Euxine Sea, who sat calmly at the entrance, holding the keys of its commerce in her hands. Quickly raising an army, he led it through perils, labours, and fatigues, which none but barbarians could have overcome, across the death-like Steppes, where nothing is to be seen but the canopy of sky above and the green grass below. Ridges of hills lie on either side, here and there interspersed with conically-shaped mounds, on which the traveller of the present day sees weird statues made of stone, found 400 miles from the spot where they are erected. It is said these deserts extend over a space of 600,000 square miles. Having traversed the wild country of Boeotia, he came at last in sight of the city, then governed by Leo the Philosopher. Rumours of the



approach of the invading force had already reached the inhabitants, and all was confusion and dismay. In haste Leo assembled his counsellors, to deliberate what measures to take against the threatened danger, when the town was thrown into still greater consternation by the news that 2000 barks were on their way to besiege it by sea. To frustrate this attempt, a heavy iron chain was swung across the harbour, when, to their utter amazement, they saw the barks advancing by land on wheels affixed below the keels, which were flat, and in this manner navigating a track to the very gates. Byzantium, awed at this proof of Oleg's ready wit and ingenuity, submitted to the conqueror, who with his victorious army entered triumphantly, and hung his shield over the entrance as a trophy. A treaty was soon arranged between him and Leo, by which the latter was bound to deliver up various tributes connected with the traffic of the Baltic, and, laden with spoils, he returned in triumph to his country, where he was ever after highly revered. We find his successor, Igo, making war against the Drevilians, but without achieving any brilliant victories. At his death his son, Sviastoslaf, being but a child, his mother, Olga, assumed the reins of power, and by trick and artifice reduced tribe after tribe. She finally drew up her army before the capital of the Drevilians, and, after a siege of several weeks, it still continuing to hold out, and both parties being wearied, she proposed to capitulate, on condition that they should send all their pigeons to her, in those days carrier-pigeons being much employed as a means of communication. To this they agreed. Certainly Olga was not an exception to the saying, 'that there is a fell wild animal in every woman;' for, on their ap-

pearance, they were seized, lighted matches tied to their tails, and with this appendage sent back to their homes, and the whole town was speedily in a state of conflagration. Perchance this cruel act filled her with remorse; for on her return she embraced Christianity, which for some time had been creeping along with gentle strides, and was baptized under the name of Helen. She is numbered among the saints of the Russian calendar, and died at an advanced age in 969.

We will not trace the history through the next few reigns, during which 'wars and rumours of wars' prevailed, especially against the Poles, Swedes, and Tartars, who were perpetually invading the country. We will merely remark, that Vladimir the Great was the first king who became a Christian, after being a most bigoted heathen. His martial fame had spread far and wide, and this, together with his bad character (for he lived openly with six wives), excited a great rivalry among the four religions for the honour of his conversion. Mahometanism he rejected, as it prohibited the use of wine; the Roman Catholic he refused, because it had a man, the Pope, at the head of it; and Judaism was to him out of the question, as he saw no sense in obeying a nation under the ban of heaven. In the mean time his emissaries returned from Byzantium with such a brilliant account of the Greek worship as practised in that rich city, that he was delighted, and embraced it instantaneously, broke down his idols, threw them into the Dnieper, and ordered the people to be baptized in the river on a fixed day. Millions flocked to this compulsory baptism. In the present day immersion in cold water is not adopted; warm water is substituted, and the babe is blown on three times, which is

supposed to blow out the devil; some of the hair is cut off, waxed, and thrown into the font. The service very much resembles the Roman Catholic; it is read in the Slavonian dialect. A great deal of Gregorian music is introduced in it. Confession is a most important doctrine. At the sacrament they have five loaves: one for our Saviour, one for the Virgin, and three for the saints. The one for our Saviour is dipped in wine, and eaten in small pieces. A curious practice is observed at their burials. A piece of paper is put into the hands of the deceased, it being a prayer for the remission of voluntary and involuntary sins.

In the thirteenth century Genghis Khan, with his wild hordes, poured down on the country, spreading desolation and terror all around. The Tartars maintained their footing till the fifteenth century, when Ivan Vasilwitch expelled them; but still the Poles and Swedes remained formidable enemies. In 1689 Alexis, the father of Peter the Great, made a treaty with Sweden, and now we enter on the era of the iron man who wielded the sceptre with such consummate skill and power.

Amid the horrors of bloodshed he is ushered into our notice. Feodor, his half-brother, was dead. The capital was in the utmost confusion. All eyes were upon his beautiful and profligate half-sister Sophia. The Strelitz, eager to place her on the throne, rushed to the palace. A fearful massacre ensued, many of the officers of state and members of the royal family being murdered by the soldiery, who in loud tones demanded the brothers Ivan and Peter. Concealed in her apartments, the Czarina heard the cries and tumult without, and, feeling all hope gone, seized her child, resolving to make a desperate effort to save him. By a side en-

trance she escaped from the palace, with the boy in her arms, and, nerved with a supernatural strength, which nothing but despair could give, she ran for her life, and in this manner accomplished sixty versta. Hearing behind the yells of her pursuers, and knowing they were rapidly gaining ground, faint and foot-sore, she saw before her the convent of the Holy Trinity, and thither she bent her weary footsteps. The sanctuary-door was open, the vesper bell was ringing—into the sacred precincts she entered, and had barely time to cast her boy on the altar and throw herself at its base—'Oh, save the mother and the child!'—when the murderous band arrived. Triumphant they advance to the altar with arm upraised. The foremost of them prepares to sever the head of the babe from his body. Shrieks from without arrest the blow, and divert his attention. 'Is the tide of battle changed?' He pauses—he listens—a deathly clam comes over him—he rushes from the church, leaving the child unharmed. The rest, appalled, retire, and Peter is preserved to Russia.

As we study profane and sacred history, we cannot fail to observe how those who are destined to exercise a great influence over nations are frequently miraculously preserved from some great danger in their infancy. We might cite Cyrus the Great, who but narrowly escaped the jealousy of Astyages, and was saved by a shepherd; Moses, found by Pharaoh's daughter in the bulrushes; and even the Saviour nearly fell a victim to the Herodian slaughter.

To return to our hero. His weak brother Ivan was proclaimed king, and afterwards Peter, being declared joint sovereign, was crowned in 1681. The ambitious Sophia, being secretly determined to go-

vern, managed to remove Peter, in whom she perceived the dawning of genius, to an obscure village, where she trusted he would fall into bad ways, and so enfeeble both his mind and body. We may truly say the vices of his life may be referred to his early education, and that his virtues were all his own. Shut up in this wretched hamlet, the mind of Peter turned round for some amusement, and how to 'pass the weary hours away.' Léfort, secretary to the Danish ambassador, was then in the neighbourhood. He was a curious character, and a very clever man, with a wonderful gift for languages: he had been trained in the first instance for a commercial situation, but being totally unfitted for it, and fortunately gaining the friendship of the Danish ambassador, he was appointed his secretary. This was just the sort of man to delight Peter; his vivacity, his extensive knowledge, together with his powers of discernment, entranced the mind of the young Russian prince, and the friendship thus formed lasted all his life. How in after years, when he had become the beacon star of Europe, he must have looked back on those merry hours when he and fifty young companions played at mimic soldiery. The little band erected fortifications, wheeling the earth for the entrenchments in a barrow made by Peter, who went through all the gradations of the service, beginning as a drummer. The village soon became a military school; his friends were the pupils of a system; they exercised and armed with punctuality, discipline was strictly maintained, and little skirmishes were made on the outskirts. Gradually, the bounds of their exploits becoming too confined, they spread over a whole district.

Surrounded with regal state at

Moscow, Sophia laughed at the boy of fifteen, not perceiving how profound and varied were his pursuits, till at length she was awakened to a sense of it, when she found him married at the age of seventeen to Eudasia, daughter of General Lapuchin, mother of the unfortunate Alexis. We next hear of his quelling an insurrection of the Strelitz and punishing the leaders of it with sanguinary violence. Although of so hard a nature, he was not free from nervous affections. His horror of water was so great that the sight of a rivulet threw him into a cold perspiration. To overcome this weakness he made a practice of going into a cold bath every morning—undoubtedly very good for his constitution. To a mind ever on the alert for improvement, no incident passed unnoticed, and his love for the military life having been fired, we find his naval taste kindled by a comparatively trifling incident. One morning, walking with Zimmerman in the garden of Imaeloff, which had been a favourite residence of his father's, he was attracted by the wreck of a small English boat on the lake, and he inquired of his companion in what respect it differed from those lying in the river. Zimmerman explained 'it was in the application of the sails.' 'Send for a clever workman, and have it repaired,' exclaimed Peter. Brandt, being deemed most skilful, arrived. Peter watched him eagerly, and then getting into the boat, sailed it himself on the lake. This circumstance convincing him that foreign nations were more advanced in civilization than his own people, he made a tour through Livonia, Prussia, and the north of Germany into Holland, where he surpassed the expectations of his friends by engaging himself to a shipbuilder at Saar-

dem as a common workman, and we contemplate the prince who had millions at his command living on the wretched stipend it afforded. His companions, from their comfortable house close by, smiled on him. To this day the hovel in which he lodged is called Peter's hovel. Proceeding to England, he was well received by William III. and Mary, and studied in the arsenal at Deptford. He was going to Venice, 'the glorious City in the Sea,' when news reached him of the revolt of the Strelitz, and obliged him to return. Now with sorrow we see this great man clouding the very outset of his career by an act of sanguinary violence. How far greater would he have been if these desolating crimes had found no place in his history! Order being restored in the capital, in mad indignation he caused two thousand to be put to death after the most exquisite tortures, himself taking part in the execution, and compelling the nobles to assist him. Seated on his throne, with stern looks, he surveyed his mandate executed; and then, inflamed with the grapes of Bacchus, he rose from table with the deleterious cup in one hand and the axe in the other, and pledging himself to twenty successive draughts, he smote off twenty successive heads. Enough—the axe, gibbet, and wheel were in constant activity for five successive months, and Sophia, appalled and horrified, retired into a convent, where she died in 1704.

Peter the Great was not the only comet of the 17th century. Its commencement had been heralded in by Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, and in the distance we hear the roar of the Norwegian Lion, Charles XII., while the crafty and polished Louis XIV. sat on the throne of France, with his entourage of art and wit, fanning himself

successively in the smiles of La Vallière, Montespan, and Maintenon; the honour of the fleurs de lis being sustained by Turenne and Colbert. Alike in all was the love of power, but in Peter and Charles lay the combative talent in all its strength, and these stars are now to meet in their orbit and dispute, hand to hand, and sword to sword for empire.

Charles XII. had already unfurled his standard and led on his troops to victory; indeed his successes had been such as to alarm Europe, and caused Russia, Denmark and Poland to enter into an aggressive union. Poland, so long a subject of contention, at length kindled the torch. Disturbances with regard to the succession had been going on for some time; Charles XII. supported Stanislaus, whereas the allies were for Augustus. It is not my intention to enter on this subject. I shall merely remark that the cruelties practised by Charles excited Peter to use strong expressions against his rival. Charles forthwith threw down the gauntlet, and sending word to Peter that he would meet him at Moscow, prepared for action. 'My brother Charles wishes to play the part of Alexander, but he shall not find in me a Darius,' exclaimed the Czar. Defeats and contretemps awaited him; undauntedly he retired, reorganized his army, saying, 'the Swedes will have the advantage of us for a time, but they will teach us how to conquer them.'

Having achieved some successes, he drew up before Marienburg, which surrendered. Here we must halt a few minutes, and introduce our readers to the Livonian girl called Martha. She had been married the previous day to a serjeant in the Swedish army, and came before the Russian general, Bauer, bathed in tears, deploring the death

of her husband, who had perished in the *mêlée*. Struck with her appearance, he took her under his protection, and shortly after she attracted the notice of Peter. He made her his wife, and he had never reason to repent of his choice. What Goethe found in his *Christiana*, that Peter found in his *Catharine*, a faithful partner of his joys and griefs.

'Bright as the day, and tender as the eve.'

Short, square, and dumpy, she had no particular outward charm to recommend her; indeed when on a future occasion she accompanied her husband to Berlin, the haughty Empress of Russia sneered inwardly at the little homely body as she stood by the side of the tall, powerful Czar. Voltaire remarks, 'the union of royalty with a poor stranger captured amidst the ruins of a pillaged town is an accident which the most marvellous combinations of fortune and merit never produced before or since in the annals of the world.'

The next object Peter achieved was the occupation of the shores of the Neva. Having taken the fortress of Kantyr on the Carelian side, he established himself on a marshy island covered with brushwood, inhabited by a few fishermen, and not very distant from the embouchure of the river. It was called *Lust Eland*, or *Pleasure Island*, and was apparently ill adapted for the destinies which afterwards surrounded it. On this spot Peter laid the foundation of St. Petersburg, the sister city of Byzantium and Venice. No stone was to be had in the neighbourhood, and the materials of which the citadel was built were derived from the ruins of the works at *Nianshantz*; it was completed in five months, the soldiers being obliged to carry the earth in the

skirts of their coats or in bags made of shreds and matting. Before a year had elapsed 30,000 houses and huts of different descriptions were erected, and from the wood of the forests of *Kostroma* and *Volgoda* arose St. Petersburg. With great danger and labour he succeeded in erecting the fortress of *Cronstadt* close by. In the meantime Charles XII. at the head of about 45,000 men had crossed the frontier; and Peter, seeing he was determined to make Russia the theatre of war, conceived the masterly idea of drawing him on, and laid all the country waste between *Dnieper* and *Smolensko*. As Charles advanced, Peter retired.

We will not follow the ambitious Charles through this bad-omened march. His army, enfeebled by fatigue and hunger, without a guide, and in an enemy's country, had to make its way through bleak solitudes, straggling forests, sandy deserts and forlorn morasses; and his crowning fatal mistake of falling back on *Ukraine*, vainly thinking that the Cossacks would support him, having secured the friendship of *Mazeppa*, their chief, drove all hopes from the breasts of his soldiers.

We will bear our readers at once to the field of *Pultowa*, and witness the plain 'flooded with blood and strewed with foolish carnage,' and all to gratify the ambition of one man. For two hours the battle raged with fury. The slaughter was dreadful; 9224 Swedes were slain; that of the Russian force was comparatively small. Charles, being disabled by a wound from mounting on horseback, was borne in a litter. One of the bearers being shot by a cannon ball, another was provided; in the meantime the king was hoisted on the pikes of his men. Peter's clothes, hat, and saddle were

pierced by several shots, and three horses were killed, during the action, under Prince Menzikoff. Both monarchs commanded their armies.

'The war-horse is neighing,  
The trumpets are braying,  
The young soldiers praying  
Strike for the Czar!

'The cannons are pounding,  
The trumpets are sounding,  
The welkin resounding,  
Strike for the Czar!

Charles, seeing his men falling on either side, and the tide of victory hopelessly against him, fled to Benda, where he remained for some time a refugee under the protection of the Grand Vizier. Peter begged him to return, but could not persuade him.

Charles made another fruitless effort to retrieve his lost fortunes, and finally, at the siege of Frederichshall, received his death wound.

Peter, thinking to follow up his advantages, made an expedition into Turkey, but not being conversant with the topography of the country, he was nearly surrounded by the Turks at Pruth, and had it not been for the counsel of the little homely woman, who never left him in camp or palace, defeat would have tarnished his late military renown. Catharine persuaded him to come to terms with the Vizier, and by handing over her crown jewels, an agreement was made, and the Russians retired. After this he made another trip to Hamburg, Berlin, Lubeck, and Amsterdam and Paris.

And now, from the roar of the cannon we will turn to the dark tragedy enacted at St. Petersburg. Alexis, the ill-fated son of Eudisia, had long incurred the resentment of his father. Of a tall and commanding appearance, he was looked up to by a nation among whom colossal stature was particularly esteemed. Around him he had

collected associates who plunged into every sort of vice and licentiousness; he openly opposed the reforms of his father, and fearing his displeasure, left the country.

Peter discovering his retreat at Naples, ordered him to return, promising forgiveness if he did so; on the other hand threatening him with the most dreadful curses if he refused. Alexis, relying on his promises, returned, and had barely arrived before he was surrounded, and imprisoned; and then began a most painful ordeal, which was carried on for five months. Peter daily visited him, and working on his weak mind, prevailed on him to accuse himself of the most dreadful crimes, and to name all the friends who were in any way implicated. He then nominally consulted the priests and nobles what course to pursue; they, in awe of his power, pronounced sentence of death against Alexis, and Peter, in spite of his previous protestations, confirmed it. Seated in a prison at Moscow by a dim light, we see the unfortunate prince hearing the sentence from the lips of his father, who actually mingled his tears with his. The door opens, and a vial is handed to the monarch, who pours out the contents and proffers them to his son as a soothing draught. He then retires. Alexis raises to his lips the poisoned cup, he drinks, convulsions of the most dreadful nature follow, and before morning he lies a corpse. Peter gave out that the news that sentence of death had been passed upon him had operated fatally on his feeble constitution.

Hitherto Archangel had been the Liverpool of Russia, but Peter caused the trade to be removed to St. Petersburg, commerce with the Baltic was opened, and a fleet formed at Astrachan on the Volga. He also made an expedition against Persia, which country was



in a most distracted condition, and concluded a peace on most favourable terms. On his return he received the title of 'Father of his People.'

A very different scene from that I have just described soon after agitated the streets of Moscow. All was in gala array; splendid and costly were the dresses of those in the magnificent procession, and the gorgeous spectacle was the attraction of all. Catharine was to be crowned Queen, and what pageantry can be too great for her whom the King delighteth to honour? The see-saw of life goes up and down. Menzikoff, once the kitchen boy of the palace, heads the army, in uniform glittering with stars, crosses, and medals. Catharine, the Livonian peasant, is arrayed in the regal purple.

Peter devoted himself for his remaining years to the arts of peace; he instituted an academy of sciences, and built many useful and ornamental establishments. There is a curious ceremony observed to this day of blessing the waters of the Neva. The archbishop, after reading some prayers, throws in the cross, and then in a golden goblet offers the water to the emperor. This done, all the people rush forward, and each fills his or her pitcher. Peter, although suffering from a most painful disease, insisted on being present at it. He caught a severe cold—his devoted Catharine never left his bedside—and he finally expired in her arms, January 4th, 1724, and his body was conveyed to the Kremlin, to be deposited in the cathedral of St. Michael, where the czars of Russia repose.

We will not now thread through the reigns of Peter II., Elizabeth, and Peter III., or even of Catharine II., which was the most brilliant and successful Russia has witnessed; we will merely heave a passing sigh for the dismember-

ment of Poland, and the cruelties practised on the patriots, whom we seem even now to hear, in their Siberian exile, singing—

'Farewell to the mothers who bore us;  
Farewell to the huts, where as children we grew;  
Farewell to the trees that hung o'er us,  
The trees, and the streams that from boyhood we knew.  
Farewell to our friends, farewell to our foes,—  
For neither friend or foe an exile knows,—  
Sing no more, never more!  
Sing never, never more!

In Paul I. we see a prince who cruelly disappointed the hopes of his subjects, as previously to his accession he had been a most amiable man, and who was finally murdered in his colossal palace of St. Michael in his forty-sixth year. The number of the conspirators was so great, and his son Alexander's participation so well known, that no one was ever punished, and many boasted openly of the deed long after. Then while Alexander is sitting in imperial greatness at Moscow, we hear the war cry of Napoleon and his veteran troops on the frontier; we admire the indomitable pluck of the Russians, who committed their capital to the flames sooner than it should fall into the hands of the invader, who, like Charles XII., retired in confusion. With Nicholas I. is associated stirring memories of the Crimean war, and even now many remember the heights of Balaklava and the plains of Alma, Inkerman and Sebastopol strewn with the bodies of the slain, and the soil sodden with the best blood of England and France. We will draw the curtain over those sad days, and light up the foreground with the nuptial celebration of England and Russia—

LONG LIVE THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

C. BOUCHIER PHILLIMORE.



## NOTES ON POPULAR ACTRESSES.

## PART I.

WHAT we mean by 'actresses' will of course be understood, and that we do not for one moment propose to speak of the number of young and middle-aged persons whose only claim to the title is that they are labelled as such in the photograph-shop windows. Details concerning these people are entirely out of place in the pages of this magazine; and therefore it will not be worth while discussing whether or not managers are insulting their audiences by advertising them and endeavouring to foist them on the public as actresses. No capitalist has yet come forward who is willing to take a theatre for the pure furtherance of the dramatic art, irrespective of commercial considerations. Managers are mortal—extremely mortal, some of them—and expect to make their ventures pay; and in these days a very little leaven of art is considered sufficient to leaven a whole mass of tricky melody, silk tights and lime-light. Whether this is wise, even to the narrow limits of present policy, is a question which can be ruefully answered by several disconsolate gentlemen who are at the present moment patrolling the streets of London, and slowly recovering the senses which they must certainly have lost before they plunged into the Charybdis of three act *opéras bouffes* without actors or actresses, and with nothing but the weak attraction hinted at above to recommend them.

We do not for one moment believe in the theory as to the decline of the drama: but when we have hoardings blazoned over, in

letters of gorgeous hue, with the names of young ladies who have as much idea of the principles of dramatic art as a dromedary has of playing the violin; when we see their smirking faces and figures in the windows; we sigh for the sake of true art. In dozens of shop-windows in London, kept by men who would probably be horribly shocked and offended if we questioned their respectability, we find such offensive pictures. If Lord Campbell's Act were enforced a little more strictly, some of these artistic gentlemen would most likely open their eyes some fine morning and have the opportunity of studying artistic groupings in Bow Street Police Court.

Seeing many things which notoriously take place around us, how can we, enthusiastic lovers of the drama as we are, blame puritanical people for condemning it? Most fortunately some managers have already found out, and others are beginning to discover, why it is that their theatres present such a beggarly array of empty boxes and such vacant rows of stalls. There is a powerful amount of sterling common-sense in public opinion, and it is just beginning visibly to assert itself, we are happy to believe, towards the suppression of these theatrical nuisances. Burlesque grew almost unbearable; then came *opéra bouffe*, which is rather worse. Let it be understood we do not mean to condemn this species of entertainment in itself. Far from it. It is possible to make *opéra bouffe* pleasant, artistic, and satisfactory. At the Opéra Comique, for instance, 'Kissi-Kissi' and 'Little

Tom Tug' were perfectly inoffensive; but at some other houses it is very different, and managers absolutely go out of their way to pander to the most vitiated taste.

As for the young ladies themselves, we can only assure them, though they will not believe us, that a thorough exposition of the dramatic art cannot be satisfactorily compressed into a wink at the stalls, nor can the higher principles of acting be exemplified in a leer at the gallery. If the exponent of a female part has a song to sing, and is unable to sing it, kicks and vulgar gestures will not fulfil all the requirements of the art of music. But enough of this most painful matter. We gladly turn to the subject of our article, with a strong desire to please every one mentioned in it, but a stronger still to tell the truth.

Looking through the theatrical notices upon the morning we write, it is sad and strange to note that, amongst all the ladies whose names are advertised as forming items of the 'best,' or 'most carefully selected' companies in London, scarcely twenty are in any way worthy to be enrolled in the list of popular actresses. It is further noticeable that several of the very best of our few English actresses are not playing in London. There is something wrong here, though whether the fault is with managers or audiences, we must decline to decide.

Without plainly asserting that Mrs. Hermann Vezin is the first actress on the English stage, we should like to know who could claim precedence over her. This lady is an 'all round' actress of the very highest ability. Comedy, tragedy, melodrama or light comedietta, is alike within her grasp, and she is admirable in all. There is a finish, a consistency, a roundness in her impersonations

which we know not where to find elsewhere. Mrs. Vezin is good in all lines of business. Study her capacity in her rendering of Lady Teazle—of all the various shades of the character. Consider the screen scene: her shame, her indignation against Joseph Surface; her distress that, when she feels how much appearances are against her, she should be unable to demonstrate her innocence: contrast these sentiments, so palpably exhibited, and yet expressed with such reticence and unobtrusiveness, with the girlish, light-hearted scenes with Sir Peter. She plays the character almost to perfection. It is Lady Teazle throughout, and *one* Lady Teazle. We have seen the part rendered as though Sir Peter's frolicsome wife were three married ladies rolled into one; the screen scene a modified edition of Lady Macbeth; the lighter scenes with her husband à la *soubrette*, and her raillery with the school and with Joseph before the *exposé*, a realisation of the style adopted by ladies in 'modern comedy.' Actresses soon learn the conventional, or some other set way of expressing despair, anguish, remorse—the whole gamut of passion, in fact; but only true artists show the delicate shades as this lady does. Perhaps Mrs. Vezin is the only actress on the stage who is entirely equal to the character of Mrs. Beverley in 'The Gamester,' a performance with which we can find absolutely no fault. Her Clara Douglas, in 'Money,' is also an admirable realisation of the character; as was Margaret, in 'Faust,' as played some time since at Drury Lane. The strong situation in 'Mias Chester,' where she declares herself to her son, was given by Mrs. Vezin with unsurpassable truth and strength. A hundred delicate touches of art stood out vividly

and distinctly throughout the performance. In fact, Mrs. Vezin cannot play badly, and is an *artiste* of whom the English stage may well be proud.

Miss Fotheringay, in 'Pendennis,' was discovered by a London manager, went to the metropolis, and made a hit; but if it had not been for the strange series of circumstances which induced Major Pendennis to gain the influence of the Marquis of Steyne, the London public would never have seen her. This goes to prove that careful investigation might result in the discovery of actresses in unlikely places. Sometimes by chance an experienced manager comes across, and digs one out from the transpontine theatres: and that was, we believe, the manner in which that thoroughly good actress, Miss Lydia Foote, became known to West-end playgoers. The training which this young lady received on the transpontine boards has been of infinite service to her, for undoubtedly she possesses genuine artistic feeling and ability. Miss Foote has not the strength of Mrs. Vezin, but she has versatility in an equal degree, and is able to exhibit it to more advantage, for Mrs. Vezin's position will not permit her to assume some characters in which we should not be surprised to see Miss Foote.

Perhaps the secret of this young lady's success is that she throws herself so entirely into the character she represents. She possesses the great secret of losing her own individuality. If Miss Foote has to show grief, she does not make wry faces as if she had done something wrong, and was afraid of being found out; indeed she realises the position so thoroughly that, if tears are necessary to the fulfilment of the part, real tears are at her command. In 'Man

and Wife,' her Anne Sylvester was perfect; an improvement on the character in the novel, and probably also on the author's intention as to the character in the play, for the original Anne, in the book, was unpleasantly shrewish, and it is easy to imagine from the dialogue that in the drama she would have been no better had Mr. Wilkie Collins been less fortunate in the representation of the character. Miss Foote's connection with the Prince of Wales's Theatre has been fortunate for her, as showing what she can do; but it has also been fortunate for the management, which might have searched in vain for an equally admirable actress to fill the range of parts which has fallen to Miss Foote. The easy way in which she acquired the exact tone of Robertson's plays was wonderful. How many actresses on the French stage—what actress on the English stage—could have given a better Esther Eccles? As Amanda, the wife of the Chevalier Browne, in 'Play,' Miss Foote showed her value. One speech—to note trifles—especially gave evidence of her ability. The Chevalier, who greedily pounces all the money she earns on the stage, and then abuses her for being an actress, says scornfully, 'An actress! to be cheered or hissed, as the audience may think proper!' 'Ah, but they never hiss me,' is her reply. We do not like the speech; it is the mistake which Robertson rarely made of appealing illegitimately to the audience; jarring with and spoiling the flow of the character represented. We can imagine how many actresses would have spoken the line, turning to the house as much as to say, 'This speech has been kindly introduced by the author for the sole purpose of giving you an opportunity of paying tribute to my general ability and position in

the theatre.' But Miss Foote spoke the lines so naturally and quietly that it did not strike you, until a minute afterwards, that it was capable of a double interpretation.

In many other instances Miss Foote has proved her right to the position we accord her. (Readers will appreciate our difficulty in having so small a space to discuss a subject capable of such elaborate treatment.) The extent of her versatility has yet to be shown; but we believe that if she were cast for *Rosalind* she would astonish those who have accepted her performances carelessly. In several other pieces of the lightest description, she has given ample reason for supposing that she will fulfil any calls which may be made upon her for comedy characters. Miss Foote is one of those actresses who have been injured by playing parts too well. In consequence of her success in one or two characters, managers have settled that lachrymose widows and broken-hearted spinsters are her 'line.' It is cruel to chain a player down to a narrow range of parts, and call it his or her line. The public would have that pathetic old men were Robson's line, and his success with these parts, which have, indeed, come to be called 'Robsonian,' prevented him from exhibiting his full capabilities. We cannot call to mind any part that Miss Foote has played badly, and probably some day she will surprise people.

That a young lady, within a few months of her first appearance on the stage, should be playing *Cleopatra* at Drury Lane, and playing it, moreover, in a manner which perhaps could not be touched by three other English actresses, is one of the phenomena of theatrical history. People who do not understand the subject at all will probably call Miss Wallis a 'born actress;' but we decline to admit

that such a creature exists. This young lady has wonderful inherent dramatic aptitude, ability and intelligence; but acting is an art which must be learned, like all other arts. We trust that we are betraying no confidence in stating that, for her histrionic instruction, Miss Wallis is indebted to that admirable actor, Mr. John Ryder. It is in the exits, the entrances, and a thousand trifles, that the novice betrays herself, and the advice of so good a master has, to a very great extent, enabled Miss Wallis to tide successfully over these difficulties, and, united to her innate talent—we might almost say genius—good instruction has landed the young lady in a position which she seems destined to hold firmly.

A skilful master can teach much, but still very little. No one could have taught Miss Wallis the numberless little touches of essentially feminine feeling which characterise the *Cleopatra* of Drury Lane.

When, in the course of an afternoon, one has seen Antony in an overcoat, with an umbrella in his hand, drinking sherry with *Cæsar* in plaid trousers and a box hat, it is rather hard to believe in the assumed identity of either when the former appears in a toga and the latter in crown and tunic. Shakespeare, to be efficiently represented, should, we have always thought, be played by actors of whom the spectator knows nothing in private life. In modern comedy, we can imagine the performers in the position of the personages whose characters they represent; but unless *Othello* is acted with the most consummate art, it is sometimes difficult to distract the mind from following his career when he is off the stage; in his dressing-room, changing his attire, and putting a renovating touch to

his make-up; in the green-room, discussing with Iago some incident which appears in the evening papers, or at the wing, complaining to Desdemona of the awful draught which is catching him in the small of the back. Cleopatra, as it need hardly be said, is a very difficult part to play; but Miss Wallis succeeded so admirably in her rendering of the haughty lovesick queen—her pathos was so true and tender, her passion so real and strong—that we were carried away into a belief in the whole circumstances of the tragedy, as we probably should not have been had a less able exponent of the part played Cleopatra in the recent revival. The varying emotions of her scene with the messenger, from the eager

'Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,

Which long time have been barren,'

to the end; her fears, her anger and sorrow; her agony of mind when Antony rages at her in the fourth act; her final pathetic death—the power to depict them was at Miss Wallis's command. We do not mean to imply that we were entirely satisfied with the performance, or prepared to accept it as a perfect realisation of Cleopatra; but there was a distinct meaning and intention in all the actress did, and her actions were invariably dictated by high intelligence. Her postures were graceful and dignified, and—to note one detail of her excellent business—the final fall was perfect in conception and execution. Sometimes, to be critical, we thought her walk scarcely dignified enough—the steps too quick, short, and girlish; and sometimes she seems too conscious of her audience; though this is an inevitable failing with all young performers. In some instances, too, she has a tendency to over-

elaborate gestures which appear to have been studied; and, worst fault of all, her enunciation is sometimes defective, the vowels being untrue and too broad; but her Cleopatra is a marvellously good performance for so young an actress.

Pauline, in 'The Lady of Lyons,' at the Standard Theatre, was, we believe, Miss Wallis's first appearance in London. The novice was, of course, apparent, but there was, nevertheless, a smoothness and evenness about the whole performance, wonderful for an amateur. In Sir Charles Young's play, 'Montcalm,' she was also surprisingly good. One strong situation especially, in the second act, when she meets the woman whose apparition she had seen before, was ably conceived and consistently worked out. In 'Amos Clarke,' increase of stage knowledge brought increase of strength, and in 'Cromwell' she deserved the very highest commendation—her part, indeed, could scarcely have been played better.

We welcome Miss Wallis to the London stage as one of the greatest acquisitions which has been made to it for several years.

We have been longing to speak of Miss Marie Wilton, but were restrained by a feeling that she should not be considered before some of the representatives of perhaps higher branches of art. We say 'perhaps' higher branches because tragedy is supposed to rank before comedy, as appealing to deeper feelings; but Miss Wilton can bring tears as well as smiles, and suddenly to reach the inner sensations of an audience by a touch of pathos in the midst of gaiety and sprightly conversation, is a sure proof of true art. A wonderful notion is rife among certain people that a long and intimate acquaintance with the stage

makes an actor or actress 'stagey.' If any proof of the absurdity of this idea were wanted, it is forthcoming in Miss Wilton. This lady's great success is of course owing to the fact that she has learned her business. Miss Wilton is another of the ladies who would have been born actresses, if such phenomena ever were born; but, nevertheless, she would not have attained her present position and popularity but for having passed through a long and arduous course of professional training. Where could you find a more entirely natural actress? 'She acts just as she would in her own drawing-room' is a verdict frequently pronounced upon her. Of course it is wrong. If Miss Wilton, in a drawing-room, were to behave as she does on the stage, the effect would be entirely unnatural; but herein lies one of the secrets of the art of acting: to know what degree of exaggeration is necessary to make a lady on the stage *appear* to be acting as she would in private life. Had Miss Wilton deprived playgoers of a great many pleasant hours, by remaining out of a theatre until to-day, no one will really imagine that she could go on the stage and represent characters as she does. Every minute detail of business is studied. Another of the secrets of the art is to hide the evidences of study, and to make every look and movement appear to be entirely unpremeditated; but it need hardly be said that no actor learns the words of a part and goes on to the stage trusting to the inspiration of the moment to suggest appropriate business. Truly an accomplished artist will change the business of a part from night to night, in particulars more or less minute; but no one ever goes on for a part without carefully considering what he will do with it throughout.

One of Miss Wilton's greatest claims to admiration is her originality. She imitates no one. Her style is essentially her own; it was created by her, and lives with her. After seeing with what cruel vigour certain actresses insist upon emphasising every point they endeavour to make, it is a treat to turn to Miss Wilton, so quiet and undemonstrative, but so thoroughly effective; for she, being a true *artiste*, can 'feel' her audience as she goes on.

Unless we are misinformed, it was at the Bath and Bristol theatres that Miss Wilton received her early instruction. Here, years ago, were properly organised companies, and these two theatres (if they may be called two when they were under one management) constituted an excellent training ground for young members of the profession, and have supplied the metropolitan boards with many leading favourites. Miss Wilton was one of the Strand company when burlesque was studied and played, and recognised as a branch of the drama; and before the Lotties and Totties most unfortunately found their way upon the scene to bring the stage into contempt. How is it that, driven from the music halls as too coarse and incompetent, they find a home upon the stage? It was different a few years ago. Miss Marie Wilton, Miss Eleanor Bufton, Miss Fanny Josephs, Miss M. Oliver, Miss Maria Simpson, Miss C. Saunders, and others had more respect for themselves than to introduce familiar diminutives into the play-bills—possibly a slight matter in itself, but part of a most objectionable system. In the palmy days of the Strand Theatre, actors and actresses, even in burlesque, formed distinct conceptions of the characters they represented, and performed them consistently. Now it



seems to be generally considered that the only thing necessary to a complete realisation of any burlesque part of any description is to stop at the puns like a pointer at a covey of partridges. If the present race of burlesque actresses could only see a representation of 'Aladdin,' or 'The Maid and the Magpie,' or 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' as they were originally played, it would astonish them. When we watch Miss Wilton reading the letter in 'School'—possibly as perfect and artistic a performance as the stage has seen within living memory—it is impossible to regret that she has abandoned burlesque, which always left something to be desired; but burlesque in her hands was always enjoyable, as indeed is everything she does. The only part we can remember in which she comparatively failed was Lady Gay Spanker in 'London Assurance'; but her want of success here does not detract from her merits, for no one can play parts of all descriptions, and Lady Gay Spanker requires very special qualifications. When Miss Wilton is suited with a part, she plays it simply to perfection, and the range of parts which suit her is large. We are proud of pointing her out to people who depreciate the condition of the stage, and the stage is very fortunate in possessing so thorough an *artiste*.

It is extremely difficult rightly to estimate Miss Ada Cavendish's claims. Since she appeared as Venus at the Royalty Theatre, in Mr. Burnand's 'Ixion,' she has certainly made wonderful progress, but nevertheless we consider that she has scarcely justified the hopes which she raised. Had we been called upon to speak of her a few years since, when she was playing Mrs. Pinchbeck in Mr. Robertson's 'Home,' at the Haymarket, we should have accorded

her the highest praise; because she played her part admirably and gave promise of great future excellence—a promise, however, which she has not yet redeemed. There was a certain coldness and hardness—an inability to 'let herself go' in this part, but these characteristics fitted into the rôle, which was that of a designing widow endeavouring to gain the affections of a certain Colonel White (Mr. Sothorn) by assuming an appearance of innocence and ingenuousness. In short, Miss Cavendish played the part of a person who was playing the part of another person. There was no call for any exposition of true feeling, because in all the principal scenes of the play the actress was hiding her real nature; and herein Miss Cavendish was perfectly successful. There was an evidence of study here and there; sometimes it was impossible to divest the mind of an impression that Mrs. Pinchbeck had been taught how to speak and stand, and what she was to do; but perhaps this was only her method. A part she had previously played in a little piece called 'Madame Berlioz's Ball,' at the Royalty, was somewhat similar to her character in 'Home,' and here also she showed discrimination. In Wilkie Collins's 'New Magdalen' also we presume that the character of Mercy Merrick was like these two, but, unfortunately, did not see enough of the piece to judge, and only know that the way in which it was billed and advertised with scriptural texts, and pictures which seemed to us—we hope we are wrong—travesties of scriptural incident, was outrageously offensive and grossly bad in taste to the uttermost degree. This may not be the place to enter a protest against it, but we do not feel justified in missing the oppor-

tunity. Whether or not the piece was commercially a success we do not know, but it is certain that many respectable people stayed away because their feelings were scandalised by the manner in which the Bible was dragged in, and referred to in nice attractive letters on large posters, to puff a play. The fact is all the more to be regretted because the piece was written by a leading novelist, and if the example is followed it is impossible to say where it may end. We decline altogether to believe for one moment that Miss Cavendish was a party to this crime, and hope and believe that the prompt suppression of the offence was owing to her action in the matter, when she saw the extent to which villainously bad taste—to say nothing of graver objections—could lead people. We turn from this subject, lest feeling should get the better of judgment and suggest too angry an expostulation; but rather let us have the shop-window actresses than another repetition of this business. We need not go to see them, but we cannot help noticing the hoardings as we pass along the streets. We have seen many forms of puff and advertisement of a more or less objectionable nature, but none so bad as this.

To resume, however. Artificiality is Miss Cavendish's chief defect. We see through her assumptions; she does not appear to feel what she says or does, and we cannot lose sight of the fact that the actress is before us, and not the character which she is supposed to represent. When she is expressing scorn, coldness, or contempt we can believe in her: when she laughs, the unreality of the whole thing is apparent; indeed, Miss Cavendish's laugh is perhaps the most forced, strained, and unnatural on the stage at pre-

sent. She is, in fact, unequal. Very likely we have not yet seen her real capabilities; and, considering how few good actresses there are on the stage at present, we trust that this is the case. Sometimes for a brief spell there is so much intelligence and truth in her acting that we hold our breath expectantly, but the next moment something harsh and unreal grates upon the audience, and shows the want of consistency and truth in the assumed embodiment. If Miss Cavendish can find a part which thoroughly suits her, she will make a very great hit through nearly the whole of the drama; and if she would only be even and round, forming one clear and consistent notion of what the character would say and do through the entire representation, and act up to that idea, Miss Cavendish might become almost a great actress; but she never has done this, and we fear that she never will. She has shown glimpses of power: she has experience and opportunities, and her future is in her own hands. If she has ambition, there is nothing to prevent her from gratifying it; and, while we are vexed that she has not done better, we still hope she may do so in the future.

Miss Robertson, of the Haymarket, is almost as true as Miss Wilton, and is another example of the benefits of a thorough and judicious course of early training: quiet, effective, and, up to a certain point, eminently satisfactory. Miss Robertson has a very pleasant smile. If she would only refrain from assuming it when it is not necessary, we could really find no fault with her realisation of certain characters.

It may be noted here that we decline to discuss any actress's personal appearance, considering it ill-bred and impertinent to do

so. When the notice of a piece says, 'Miss Jones gave an intelligent rendering of the part of Rosalind, her pretty face and handsome figure appearing to the greatest advantage in the tasteful dress; Miss Smith was also satisfactory as Celia,'—it reads like a slight on Miss Smith's good looks—or an inference that she has none. Miss Jones may deserve all the critic's praise, and Miss Smith may not be well-favoured; but critics do not go to a theatre to comment on a lady's face, but on her acting. To say that Miss Jones's performance of the character was intelligent, implies that her face was capable of expressing the emotions requisite to the embodiment of the character, and that is sufficient. Let those who condescend to enter into details about shop-window actresses go elaborately into these questions, but do not let us discuss the points of ladies as though they were cattle at an agricultural show.

That Miss Robertson should have been selected for the Haymarket company, and that she should have maintained her position there to the satisfaction of the manager and the public, are great points in her favour. Mr. Buckstone knows an actress when he sees one as well as any man, and the public will not be led by the nose, as we have found in more than one instance lately. You may bill the town and manage to get good notices in some of the papers, and so bolster up an actor or actress for a little time, but playgoers absolutely refuse to be hoodwinked. They judge for themselves, and besides, some of the dramatic critics have adopted an unpleasant habit of keeping sternly to the truth, praising warmly when praise is due, but refusing to say that black is white, and so spoiling

several little ventures which were embarked without any ballast of talent. Depend upon it, a little real ability is better than half a column of advertisements in the theatrical papers, giving quotations from semi-questionable journals which have in some way been induced to speak highly of play or performers.

In Mr. Gilbert's pieces, 'The Palace of Truth,' and 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' Miss Robertson was almost perfect; but we cannot forget that there are infinitely higher walks of the drama, where dwell Lady Teazle, Miss Hardcastle, and other ladies of celebrity, and that she is not at home with them; and is consequently farther still from being at home in the yet higher region where the fair Ophelia and her few sisters reside.

In 'Uncle's Will,' a smartly-written comediotta—too smartly written in some places—Miss Robertson played to perfection. There was absolutely no fault to be found; we forgave the rude speeches which were put into her mouth, because she spoke them so charmingly. Here were grace, ease, and the most thorough finish—another proof, if any were needed, that a long intimacy with the stage makes an actress the reverse of stagey. Galatea, in Mr. Gilbert's piece, was true and tender; and without herself exhibiting a palpable sense of humour—which perhaps was not requisite—she brought out the humour of the scene with Mr. Buckstone. If Seleno, in 'The Wicked World,' was less satisfactory, the fault was the author's and not hers; for the piece was infinitely inferior to its predecessor, 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' as that was to 'The Palace of Truth.' We fear, indeed, that Miss Robertson is rather deficient in a sense of fun and humour; her Miss Hardcastle, for instance, was

a disappointing performance. She did not in the least appear really to enter into the notion of deceiving the young man who had invaded her father's house, but rather to look upon the accomplishment of her undertaking as an extremely serious matter, the failure of which would most likely involve the family in very awkward consequences. In Lydia Languish, an easier part, she was better; in Lady Teazle, a more difficult part, she was worse. But here it may be said—or repeated—that Lady Teazle is a terribly trying part to play. She is seen in so many entirely different aspects; and when we consider that her ladyship, despite her assumption of the airs and graces of quasi-high life, is in reality little more than a girl fresh from the country, whose original nature it must be supposed would occasionally crop out, the great difficulties of the part are at once apparent. Miss Robert-

son has learned her art; her failure was not in making Lady Teazle complete and round, but in not making her complete and round enough. It was her ladyship painted in neutral colours. There was a want of depth and decision of outline, and it seemed like a representation of the genuine personage as she might be supposed to appear when convalescent, after a troublesome illness. Miss Robertson is weakest where Miss Cavendish is strongest; the former lady never seems as if she could really be sarcastic and bitter; the latter never seems as if she could ever be genial and tender. Miss Robertson's love is love; Miss Cavendish's is a mockery.

When Miss Robertson is within her limits, she is excellent. For a certain, and tolerably wide, range of parts, there is no more able exponent on the English stage, and few on the French.

A.

(To be continued.)



## CONFESSIONS OF DOCTORS.

IN going about the world it is impossible not to see that there is a kind of infallible pope set up in many families, who is none other than the family doctor. The family lawyer is an uninteresting and fossil sort of being to ladies and children. But the doctor is still Sir Oracle, and all Molière's gibes against his order are forgotten or unknown, and he often remains the family pope. Now I am not going to say anything against my excellent friends the doctors. They are very well able to take care of themselves. We may call them one-eyed, but we must admit that they are the one-eyed among ourselves who are the blind. Still I have the somewhat unamiable purpose of discussing some of their blunders on their own showing. I am going to deal a little recklessly with certain confessions that I find them making, either voluntarily or involuntarily, but, at the same time, I know how easily they could turn the tables by discussing the confessions of patients. They see a great deal of the worst of life; its meanness, selfishness, irritability, and cowardice. Indeed, when we satirise the doctors, we are mainly complaining of human nature itself. Their knowledge is little, because all human knowledge is little. During all these thousands of years we have not mastered the very alphabet words with which we might construct a science of the human body or of the human mind. So true is the complaint of the hero of 'Locksley Hall': 'Science moves but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point.' The public themselves compel the doctors to have a touch of humbug about them. A highly scientific friend has

been telling me that he is treating a particular patient with bread pills and coloured water; her chronic case requires incessant watching before he can determine the method of treatment. In the meantime he finds it necessary to satisfy her. The patient who calls in a doctor thinks nothing of him unless he will physic his *dura ilia* very stiffly then and there; and if he is truly a scientific man, and takes a long time for his diagnosis, the said patient puts him down as not knowing his business. If the public want to be deceived, deceived they must be.

I was talking one day with a medical friend. He complained that the public treated him very unfairly. 'They expect him, sir, to be omnipotent. They send for him in illness, and expect that a medical man will immediately be able to do everything. They forget that he has to watch the case and learn something of the constitution of the patient.' I was calling on another medical friend one day, and he was telling me something of some new cases. 'I am giving them a mixture of peppermint and water just now—that will do them neither good nor harm—until I can find out what is the best for them. Besides, I am proposing to make some interesting experiments on them.' I thought of the *experimentum in corpore vili*. I mentally resolved that my own *vile corpus* should not, 'if I know it,' be experimented on. They say that every great orator is formed at the expense of his hearers, and perhaps it would not be too much to say that every great doctor is also formed at the expense of his patients.

It is often easy to detect the doctor in inaccuracies and carelessnesses. A doctor told me one day that I ought to take a course of Turkish baths. He was a man whose memory was not to be relied on. I asked him next day, 'Doctor, would not a Turkish bath be a good thing?' The doctor looked very solemn and said, 'A good thing, but not a good thing for you.' I once called in a doctor, who came down eight miles, examined me for eight minutes, and took his eight guineas. He gave me a most elaborate opinion, which turned out to be totally wrong. A doctor once forbade me to take beer; the next doctor I went to prescribed beer. You cannot go through life, you cannot get behind the scenes in medical life, you cannot take up a medical periodical or a medical book, but you see the absolute uncertainty that exists on what one would think the most elementary matters, the conflict of opinion on subjects that one might have expected to have had settled long ago. Every now and then some entirely new disease transpires, the account of the symptoms is published, there is no name for the case in any of the books, and everywhere from Europe and America come suggestions for the nomenclature or the treatment. Perhaps the patient little thinks that he has got into the case books, and is immortalised under some obscure initials. The probability is that the mystery of his case is never cleared up.

It is a great thing to meet with a medical man of genial nature and of candid mind, a man who understands that candour is dangerous, and yet chooses to be candid. He will discuss his kills and cures, his worries and successes, in the frankest possible way. His

life is a campaign, and he will confess to a few casualties in the way of killed and wounded. 'It is not so much, old fellow, that we ever directly kill a man off in the way of an overdose of poison. But sometimes a man makes an utter mistake. He has gone wrong in his diagnosis. His whole line of treatment has been a mistake. The terrible conviction comes over him that he has muddled the whole business, that if he had taken the right line he would have been all right, but that now the life is irretrievably lost.' Such mishaps are not necessarily those of ignorant and stupid men. The greatest surgeons have performed unnecessary amputations, and the greatest physicians have utterly mistaken symptoms. The greatness of a doctor, like that of a commander, consists in his making the smallest possible amount of blunders.

Even when a doctor understands you thoroughly he may not be a good doctor, after all. There was a great doctor who was a perfect hero at diagnosis. He could trace out the most difficult and obscure diseases. He discovered a new disease, which no one else had discovered all through the centuries in which people had had diseases. There were no pains that he would not take in order to arrive at the correct diagnosis of a case. The nurse in the hospital would be startled by his presence at midnight. After he had gone to rest thinking about a case, some point of detail which he thought of importance would present itself to his mind, and he would get up in the middle of the night in order to clear it up. He has been known, after seeing a patient eight or ten miles from town, as he was coming homewards to have been suddenly



struck with the idea that he had omitted some important inquiry, and to have gone back all the way in order to satisfy his mind. It is said of him that medicine was the one day-dream and night-dream of his existence. It might have been thought that a doctor so marvellous at diagnosis would have been most skilful in his treatment. But it was nothing of the kind. The diagnosis being accomplished, anybody might try any curative process. The case ceased to retain its interest. Listen to what his enthusiastic biographer says: 'We fear that the *one* great object being accomplished, the same energetic power was not devoted to its alleviation and cure. Without accusing him of a meditated neglect of therapeutics, we fancy we can trace the dallying with remedies, and the words which he places on the lips of the great doctor, as representing his views, were—'I do not clearly see my way to the direct agency of special medicaments, but I must prescribe something for the patient, at least, to satisfy his or her friends.' The general interpretation of all this is that the greatest powers of doctors are, after all, extremely limited, and that the medical man who is extremely able in one department may be extremely weak in another, and, though he may know your illness, he may not know how to treat it. Medical men are very severe upon quacks. The scientific man abhors the empirical man. Yet it is impossible to look into medical literature without finding it replete with virtual confessions that medical men are immensely indebted to quacks and empirics. Take a point in surgery. Most surgeons have known of old Hutton the bone-setter, and have probably

held him in abhorrence. The provincial surgeon and the aboriginal bone-setter are frequently in collision. The bone-setter will talk of a joint being out, and of putting a joint in, when such a feat is anatomically impossible. In fact, he does not know anatomy. But he sometimes has a curious art in manipulating joints which leaves trained professional skill in the despairing distance. Such a man was the famous old Hutton. His cures are some of the most striking on record. Without any scientific training, he had acquired a subtlety, power, and precision of touch which enabled him to effect marvellous good. It was a peculiar trick of the wrist which he had. He said that his art lay not in the pulling, but the twist. It is empiric, if you like, but it effected cures which the science of the hospitals could not accomplish. An immense amount of the best medical practice is empiric. At last, a sensible surgeon thought it worth his while to cultivate old Hutton's acquaintance, watched his treatment, studied his method, imitated his touch, and has since written a book on the subject; a very remarkable one, no doubt, but, at the same time, a remarkable confession of the profession's indebtedness to empirics.

Radcliffe said that when he died he would leave behind him the whole mystery of physic on half a sheet of paper. The famous Cheyne says, in his Autobiography, that when he got to London the great thing was 'to be able to eat hastily, and to swallow down much liquor.' When Sir Richard Croft destroyed himself, after the death of the Princess Charlotte, it was a sort of confession that there had been some sort of incompetence. Sir Astley

Cooper is reported to have owned that his mistakes would fill a churchyard. A medical man once told me himself that he would rather see a patient die than call in another doctor when such a step might appear to imply any mistrust of his own abilities. Parish doctors, who are absurdly underpaid, must often be compelled to give pauper patients the less expensive medicines, rather than the more expensive, which their case might require, though I have repeatedly known such men give the best, and bear the cost. The general practitioner, in dealing with some case where a patient of doubtful solvency already owes him money, may be almost pardoned if he withholds cod-liver oil and administers quassia instead of quinine. There is another matter on which some medical men—I am thankful to say, very few—have nearly made a confession; and I am also thankful to say that such medical men represent only a very small portion of the profession. There are a great number of medical men who make up their own drugs, which they procure either directly from London, or from the best chemist in their locality. As a rule, it is calculated that about ten per cent. of the earnings of a general practitioner are expended in drugs. Some practitioners contrive, not by the most creditable means, to reduce this to five per cent. For instance, quinine is exceedingly expensive—some eight shillings an ounce—and so the medical man substitutes in his practice less expensive bitters, such as quassia and strychnine. It is interesting, also, to inquire how far the drugs furnished to provincial hospitals and infirmaries are in all cases of the best quality and properly tested by medical officers. It is not so much the medical men as

the committees that are to blame. If they refuse to pay chemists high prices for good articles, the chemist can only afford to send second-rate articles at second-rate prices. It is simply impossible, for instance, that good cod-liver oil can be sold at the low prices at which it is sometimes furnished to such institutions.

Another subject on which medical men will speak with much frankness is euthanasia. Medical men have told me that they have given their patients medicine to enable them to go off comfortably—'a good stiff dose of opium, or something of that kind.' It sounds rather horrid; but the subject really admits a good deal of argumentation. It is argued that it is a great mistake to keep a man alive, under great torture, and with immense expense and pains, when he must eventually die—is not worth the candle. If a dog has got hydrophobia he is killed at once; but if a man has got it, he lingers on in agonies to the last. Again, a pauper patient, who is an interesting scientific case, may have the value of hundreds spent upon him to save him from dying, but only five shillings to keep him alive. It is very hard to spell out the rights of things exactly. I hear, however, the judges would tell some advocates of euthanasia that wilful attempts to shorten life may, legally speaking, be considered wilful murder.

Sir Anthony Carlisle tells a story of inexcusable blundering by a medical man. Basil Montagu, the barrister, who was present when he told it, capped it by several others. 'A gentleman residing about a post stage from town met with an accident, which eventually rendered amputation of a limb indispensable. The surgeon alluded to was requested to per-

form the operation, and went from town with two pupils to the gentleman's house on the day appointed for that purpose. The usual preliminaries being arranged, the surgeon proceeded to operate; the tourniquet was applied, the flesh divided, the bone laid bare, when, to his astonishment, he discovered that he had forgotten to bring his saw! Here was a predicament to be in! Luckily, his presence of mind did not forsake him. Without apprising his patient of the terrible fact, he put one of his pupils into his carriage, and told the coachman to gallop to town. It was an hour and a half before the saw was obtained, and during all that time the patient lay suffering. The agony of the suspense was great, but scarcely a sufficient punishment for his neglect in not seeing that all his instruments were in his case.

Sir William Ferguson speaks with unmitigated contempt of a case of bad practice which came before his notice. A patient was sent to him suffering from necrosis of a small portion of the clavicle. The practitioner had trusted entirely to a plaster of a waxy, resinous kind. So thickly was it laid on that much time and turpentine were consumed before the part could be properly examined. It was then found out that the only mischief remaining was a small piece of dead bone, which was almost as easily removed as lifting it from the table. The villainous plaster was removed, water dressing applied, and in a fortnight only a scar remained. The 'Edinburgh Review,' which gives the incident, adds: 'This was a very significant example of the nature of the plaster to hide, not so much the wound of the patient, as the ignorance of the medical attendant.' This is what the la-

bourer told Radcliffe: 'Ah! doctor, mine is not the only bad work which the earth covers.'

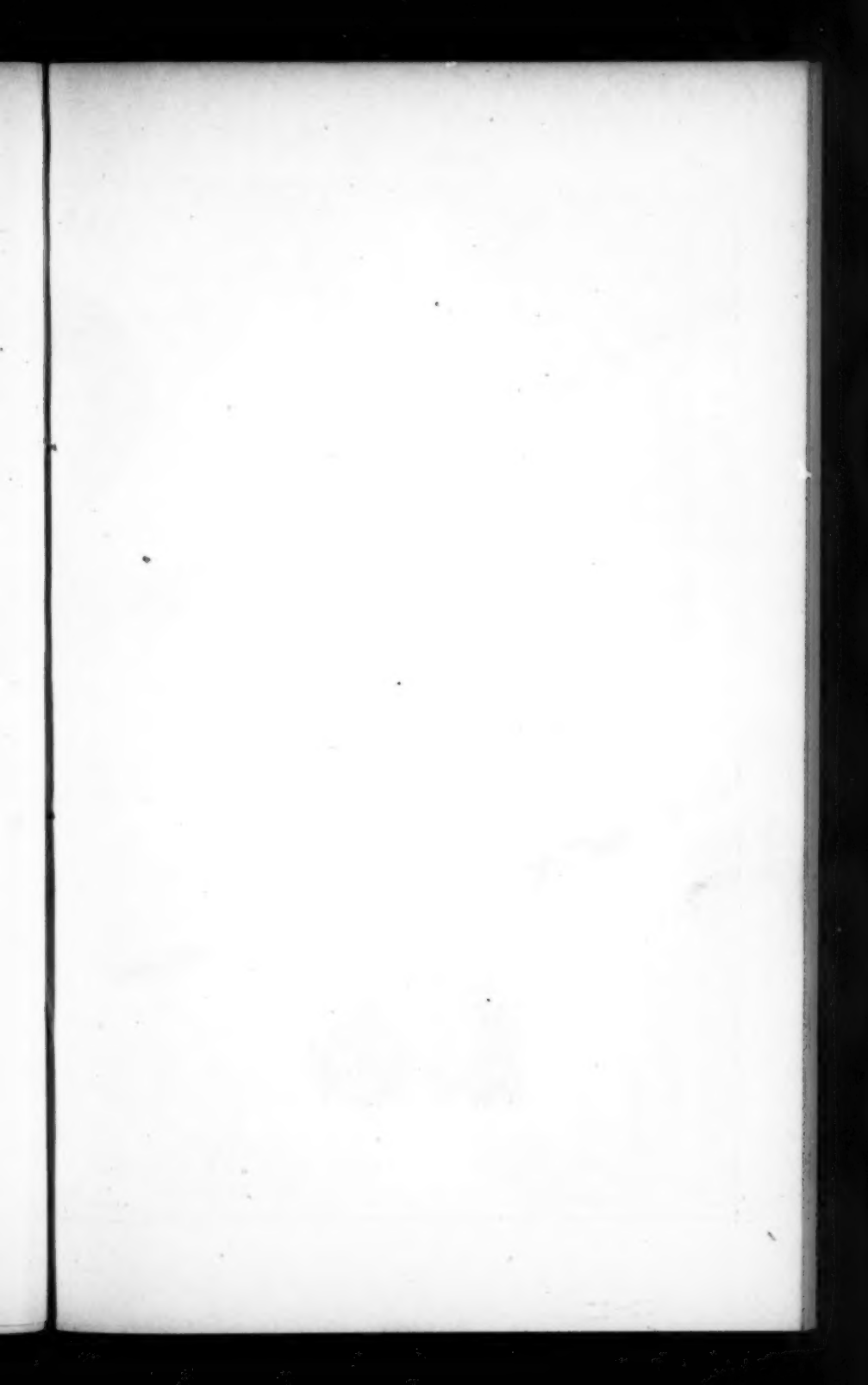
A very curious, and entirely unconscious, confession of ignorance was made by a country doctor who came up from Sussex to attend the meetings of a well-known medical society that used to assemble at Bolt Court. The gentleman in question is described as a big, pompous man who always spoke with oracular decision, and placed the fingers of his right hand in his waistcoat. The subject of discussion was cholera. The oracular gentleman rose, and stated that he had made the discovery that the cholera was known in the time of Shakspeare. Everybody manifested the liveliest attention. 'Yes, I was at the theatre last night, and saw the play of "Taming the Shrew." Petruchio says to Katherine, "You are choleric."' There was a general burst of laughter, which was increased when the learned ignoramus proceeded to vindicate himself. He gravely asserted that to convince himself that the actor had made no mistake in the word, he had himself referred to the works of Shakspeare, and had found that the word had been there used correctly. He ever afterwards plumed himself on the discovery.

There was a certain Pope who lost his physician, and to all who applied for the office he put the question, 'How many have you killed?' Each doctor in turn solemnly asseverated that he had never killed any one. An old fellow with a big beard came at last. 'How many have you killed?' asked the Pope. 'Not quot,' said the old fellow, pulling his beard with both hands. The Pope was pleased with the confession, and believing that he must at least be a man with an enormous experience, took him as his physician.

'I have worked hard a great many years,' said William Hunter once, 'and yet I don't know the principles of the art.' I am afraid that Hunter killed himself by getting into a violent passion. A great physician was once dining at the Kit-Cat Club. One of his friends ventured to remind him that it was time he should go and visit his patients. The doctor picked out a list that contained fifteen names. 'It is no great matter whether I see them to-night, or not,' said he. 'Nine of them have such bad constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't save them; and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them.' The doctor might have added that though he could neither kill nor cure, yet still his visits might have been of the greatest use. There is an acute remark of Coleridge's somewhere, to the effect that a man who is vaguely ill is wonderfully toned down, and indeed consoled, when he is made to understand clearly the nature of his ailment. This kind of comfort, albeit somewhat dreary, the physician is certainly enabled to

give; and no man does more good by his talk than the physician. It is frequently the one comfort of the day to which the desponding patient looks forward, and often finds it an elixir of comfort. Sometimes, also, when he knows that useless calls are daily registered against him, it is very much the reverse. I have known of families who have been almost broken in purse and spirits, and compelled to leave a neighbourhood, on account of this too great intimacy with an expensive doctor. I have known doctors, on the other hand, who will attend one most carefully, and the only fee they will take is that one should accept their invitations to dinner. The general moral for us all is to take the best care to keep ourselves well; and if we should have the misfortune to fall into the doctor's hands, to take all he gives us that we may keep out of his hands still. But still I must gratefully record that I have had illnesses in which it has been almost a compensation that I should be able to see something of the kind and skilful friend who was my doctor.











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## THE PENANCE OF ADELAIDE GAWTON.\*

BY CAPT. MONTAGUE.

## PART I.

A DARK evening in St. James's Street, with the carriages rattling over the stones to the theatres, and the old Clock Tower striving feebly with the fog-wreaths. A dark evening round the old Palace, and along Pall-Mall, where the lamps were keeping up a perpetual warfare with the puzzling little halos that flitted round their glass cases and were for ever trying to get inside, till, weary and beaten, they gave it up, and left the victorious lamps to shine away in the distance in two long lines of light, like the rails of a ghostly railway leading skywards, or fog-wards, or anywhere except along its own natural and proper way.

A dark evening in the streets; but light enough inside the great club-houses and palaces that stood silent sentry over the fog-bound city—bright enough when the light streamed from half-curtained windows, or burst with a hurry and a flash across the stones as a heavy door swung open, and the thick-muffled figures came down in its track, to be swallowed up quickly in the dingy fog-light.

'A cold night, child, to be in the streets.'

'Yes, sir; very cold. I can't help it; indeed I can't.' And the child shrank back in the darkness with a shudder.

'And no home?—nowhere to sleep?—no clothes, but these, on such a night?'

'They are better in summer, sir, and in the day-time; but the nights are very cruel, and so long and lonely!'

'No parents—friends—to care for you?'

'I live with uncle, when he's home, sir; but he's gone two days, and has locked the door: he's all I ever knew.'

'Is he coming back?'

'He never said so, sir; he beat me because I looked hungry, and then he kissed me, and smoothed my face, and called me his "little Nelly." Oh, he's very kind, sir; only when he's drinking he acts wild like, and sometimes hurts me. And after that he sent me out to beg; but when I went home again the door was locked, and the pleeceman told me to "go on;" but I said it was my uncle that I wanted; and he laughed, and said I'd never see him more. And all that night I walked and walked, and then the morning came, and I walked again. But what the pleeceman said is true, sir: uncle's never come back; and I'm so tired. I don't mind the cold when the shops are open, and the people are walking too; but when night comes, it's so black, and cold and long, and the pleeceman wakes me up so often, that it's hard to get through the night, sir, very hard.'

The girl cowered back in the corner, and drew her thin shawl about her, as if frightened at her own sad, weary voice.

The man wrote something on a card, and placed it with a coin in her hand.

'That will give you a night's lodging, child; and this is my name. The policeman will show you the house to-morrow: come

\* The right of dramatisation is reserved.

to the door, and give it to the porter, and we will go together and find your uncle. God bless you, child. Good-night!

He turned into the portico and was gone.

A gleam of light streamed out across the pavement and into the murky street, touching the figure of the beggar-girl with ruby, and so back into the doorway, as if in haste to forget such a sight, and the clattering carriages and passers-by were all that remained for company with the lonesome child.

Bright enough inside, the prisoned light, in no hurry to be away, resting on the porter in his chair, and on the clerk by the letter-case, on the staring play-bills against the walls, and on the umbrellas ranged in ranks by the gas-stove. In no hurry to be gone, as it rested on Arthur Shaine, unbuttoning his coat and leisurely finding his way up the stairs.

He was a man at peace with all the world—a peace he found it easy and comfortable enough to keep on a fair bachelor's income, and rooms in Club Chambers. Unencumbered with extravagant tastes, and at an age when life still pretends to possess a future, he had a kind heart, almost womanly in its tenderness, and a nature so far unsuspecting as to prefer the chance of being wrong five times, if there was any possibility of the sixth attempt being right; and so he carried a kind word and an open hand into the highways and byways of life.

'Poor girl! I'll get her dressed and taken care of. Only sixteen, not a day more, I'll venture, and to be out in such weather as this! Any one come, George?' This to the boy who was waiting at the top.

'No, sir.'

'Has James brought the champagne?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Where's Mr. Jansen?'

'In his room, sir.'

'Jansen!' cried Arthur, knocking at a door at the end of the passage, and opening it at the same moment.

'Come in!' from the inside.

The room is worth a moment's pause. It is a room to appeal to the senses sensually, and to the limbs luxuriously; to banish care and thought, in favour of ease and luxury. A drowsy, dreamy room, crowded with velvet and soft fabrics fashioned into seats and carpets and hangings; hung with paintings of soft landscapes and summer suns, of browsing cattle and moist meadows, dotted here and there with drapeless figures, glowing pink amidst falling water, and under shimmering leaves; a room with silver and gilt and crystal strewn carelessly on quaint-legged tables and heavy cabinets dating from the kings of France; and where, standing on the rug, we find the owner, him whom Shaine called 'Jansen.'

A short stout man, with a tight necktie and three blazing stones in his frilled shirt-front—his square shoulders set with a small round head, bald, but for two wisps of hair that darted forwards over either ear, as if in fear of being left out of the catalogue—small, sharp, twinkling eyes—thin lips that were always bent into a smile, now of a friend, now of a man to whom it would be better to owe nothing, with 'cosmopolitan' written on his every wrinkle; French—German—American—Polish Jew—any—all—but not of England. Such was Karl Jansen, Arthur Shaine's next neighbour and particular friend.

'Half-past six, Arthur, and just walked in. I thought you were never coming.'

'I stopped to speak to a poor girl on the steps, and——'

'Ah, yes—always so. You will speak to these poor, and will give; and they will go and laugh behind your back, and order bifeak and ale for supper. You are too impulsive, Arthur—and these beggars take you in—always so.' And the little man warmed himself, complacently stroking his back, as if to say, 'My poor back, you must be taken care of, for you are not a beggar, and you will not take me in.'

'But you will not dress? Surely the guests will be here.' This aloud to Arthur, who had thrown himself full-length on the sofa.

'There it is again; always in the clouds,' he cried, jumping up. 'What a fellow I am.' And he dashed out of the room, disarranging the heavy curtain, which swung round to meet him, and stumbling over the door-mat in his haste afterwards.

'Jansen!' he shouted the next moment from the depths of his dressing-room, 'receive them like a good fellow, and tell them I won't be half a minute.' Then the door closed again with a bang, and he was plunged into the mysteries of hot water and white ties.

There was a carriage stopping at the door of Club Chambers, and ladies stepping daintily out of it and across the damp pavement into the warm haven beyond, where the solemn porter stood, door in hand, to welcome them.

Outside, a small crowd had collected, as is the wont of street life, to see the fine people of that other land flash fairy-like across the dullness of their own pauper world; and with the crowd, the policeman feed by Club Chambers to keep the outer sanctuary as select as might be amongst the lawless wretches of the pavement, to guard its well-to-do gates, and

to see that those who came to gaze upon their glories did so at a distance, respectful and remote.

But the crowd was unruly, and the ladies so fairy-like, and the glow of light from Club Chambers so warm, that the half-dozen wanderers were more than ever bold, taxing the policeman's powers till his patience evaporated.

'Move on now; can't yer!'

Such the formula.

'How can we move on with you standing in the way?' cried a boy, in a shrill treble, ducking adroitly to escape the official answer.

Meanwhile Club Chambers, following the customs of the giants of old and of the story-books, had swallowed up the fairies, and closed their doors with a soft, pleasing thud, as if complacently to shut out that lower and more humble world they knew not of, and so left the policeman and the crowd to move on to brighter and more prolonged contests at the adjoining theatre.

All but one—a huddled mass, that might be life, or dirt, or anything without a name, that cowered down, and hid away, courting the darkness as a friend, and always peering out—a childish face, a piteous, anxious, eager little face, furrowed, and flecked by mud-splashes, and with hair that twined and twisted everywhere, uncared for, rough, and tangled; and eyes that bore a mute reproach to all these others, clad so fine, 'whilst I—flesh, sister! tender, shrinking flesh as yours, am here!'

A timid child, so young it seemed but yesterday the breath was breathed that gave it life; so young, so near its Giver, that it was a sin on that great city's strength to let so small a thing lie in the cold and fog. A helpless,

hopeless girl, of age to care not, fret not, only dance upon a mother's knee, or turn a father from his cares; too young to taste so soon the bitterness of cold, and storm, and friendlessness.

'He spoke so kindly; he looked so good and fine.' She had but this, her thought, and the scrap he gave her, tight held, perhaps grimed with dirt, but a tiny bridge to join her childish love to the one she thought of.

And then she sat herself against the stonework, laying her poor tossed head among the carvings, and shut her eyes to see the fine gay sights inside.

Another world—a world of light, and life, and hope, and joy—its people, fairies, children, kings with crowns, and sparkling stoves that shone out bright, and heaped-up fires, and meats, hot smoking dishes laid for her by fairy helpers dressed in white and green and gold; and summer sunshine, grass, and trees, and flowers; and she could pick and wreath their colours into garlands, lying in the shade, with water falling near, and birds. No fog, no night, no darkness; all sweet fairyland for her, and *him*, her glorious, god-like fairy king!

Karl Jansen was in Shaine's room, standing in front of the fire, and taking care of his back, as usual, when George's knock announced the visitors.

'Ah! my dear Mrs. Stanley, this is indeed an honour. Allow me, in the absence, unavoidable, of our dear friend Arthur, to receive you in his apartment. Miss Bella, too. You ladies put us poor bachelors to the blush; we are so dingy, so unlike your sex in our ways. Permit me.' The shawl the elder lady was wearing dropped into his arms, and he deposited it reverently upon a chair.

'You know how to take care of our sex when we do venture into your dingy rooms,' was the laughing answer.

'And why call all these pictures dingy? and with this glorious fire, too!' exclaimed the other lady. 'Oh! not dingy; bright and cheerful, like their owner.' And the speaker laughed a merry, childish laugh that set the old walls echoing back its tune.

'Coming!' shouted a cheery voice from the sanctuary within. 'Just half a minute, ladies. Coming, coming, come!' And Arthur Shaine, the obstinate tie in hand, burst in upon them.

'First; always first, you good, dear creature!'

'How do you like the rooms?'

'They are quite charming; and the stairs, and the hall; but Bella was almost afraid of the old porter, he looked so grand.'

Bella, thus appealed to, left her chatter on the hearth-rug with Mr. Jansen, and joined them.

'Oh! yes: so very respectable. One felt it rather wrong to ring the bell and make him get out of his big chair.'

Bella was a bright young girl, a year or two from school, with everything before her. Her sister, married, and a mother!—well, a very saint in dainty bonnet, dainty gloves, and boots that kissed the feet they covered from the envious ground. An angel—sweetly pure and lovely—with a golden fringe that might be glory round her young face. A pretty pet-like darling, made for man to love, to strive for, work for, but not to die for. No! there was no space for thought of dreary death where she had lit her looks and smiled, to soften cares that others would have scorned to notice. God's likeness in a woman, and—the latest Paris bonnet.



'Now, tell us who are coming.'  
'Oh! the old set. Hume and his wife, and the Gawtons.'

'Jack?'

'Yes, Jack Gawton's coming. You know he sets off for Paris to-night by the boat-train; so we shall be able to see him off.'

'Will Adelaide come?'

'Yes; she's booked; and of course Phil Relf; they always go together.'

'I wish you had not asked her.'

'Why?'

'She's so very—well, chilling. Bella is quite frightened when she is near her.'

'Ah! she is charming, your Mrs. Gawton,' chimed in Jansen, from the hearth-rug. 'So English—so much *hauteur*—so much the great, grand lady.'

'Too grand, a great deal, for me,' answered Bella; and then the door opened, and those they had called the Humes came in.

It was the occasion of Arthur Shaine taking up bachelor abode in Club Chambers, and to-night was to be the house-warming. Already he had been trotting in and out ordering every trifle that he thought would contribute towards the conviviality of the evening. So there were preparations in the kitchen, where the cook was ready with relays of cutlets for the men, and of sweets for the ladies; and preparations in the butler's pantry of glasses and chamois leathers, of electro spoons and champagne bottles; and preparations in George's sanctum on the second floor of piles of plates and rows of boots, which jostled each other right merrily. Even the old hall porter, who looked upon the wearers of petticoats as belonging to a special class devoted to the ruin of the dwellers in Club Chambers, and to be excluded accordingly, had put on his last new coat

for the occasion. For Arthur Shaine had won him over days before with his pleasant, cheery ways and words; and so the house-warming in Club Chambers promised well.

Chief among the guests were Jack Gawton and his wife. He, Arthur Shaine's oldest friend, a genial, hearty fellow, on whom life's burden lay so lightly that he hardly understood there was that other world beyond his own, where life was dragged on in the cold and damp and cheerlessness of want. An honest, kind, and prosperous man was Jack Gawton.

To-night he came followed by portmanteau and dressing-case, with sundry other comforts for his travels. Business having called him to Paris, he had come to see his friends on the eve of his departure.

'Oh! Adelaide has not come with me,' he said, as her name was mentioned. 'I've come up from the City. Relf will bring her. Let's have some "fiz," old man. I'm dry with letter-writing, and damp with fog, and dazed with rattling over the stones.'

Then he drank the wine, and sat himself by Mrs. Stanley.

'Now, what am I to bring from Paris for you?'

'Anything you like, always remembering to bring yourself.'

'I shall bring Adelaide the prettiest dress that Worth has got—all colours. She looks so well in colours.'

'Always thinking of Adelaide. What a model husband.'

'Yes, always. I wish that she'd return the compliment, and think a little of me sometimes.'

'Oh, Mr. Gawton, I'm sure she does.'

'I'd do anything for her; and yet if I say so, she laughs or treats me coldly; snubs me, in fact.'

'She does not mean it. I am sure she loves you dearly. You know her manner. Even to me she's like an icicle.'

'I know she is; but a fellow wants a little outward show now and then—a hint that it's all right. Hang it! we are fools enough without being told so every day to our faces.'

'She will be very sorry when you are gone.'

'She has got Phil Relf to solace her.'

'What, are you jealous? I never thought that you would have been that.'

'Jealous! I jealous of Relf!' And he laughed so loud and merrily that they gathered round him, and begged to join in the joke. But the joke somehow fell away, and to their laughter there succeeded a little pause; a gap that seemed a forecast of coming troubles; and then the door opened, and George announced Mrs. Gawton and Mr. Relf.

A woman entered, under the usual height, with no show of dress; only a pale grey silk, tight fitting to a figure, if anything, too full for beauty, with just so much swansdown round the throat as softened the almost stern plainness of the silk, a feathery fringe circling with jealous tenderness the first glow of flesh that peeped above—so fair, so white, as though its dainty tissue shrank from the rudeness of the lamplight that fell and flickered on so rare a playmate, veiling its coyness with grey shadows wantoning among the dimples that would catch them in their dance; a wondrous piece of living softness, twin sister to a crystal warmed to life. A face to rivet thought, to love, to dream of, worship, haunt one's days to come, and then to dread; a face of woman's softness at her softest,

fair as the fairest, rounded so richly as to carry love-thoughts in its every outline; dark hair that lay about the temples; eyes, showered on by lashes seldom raised, but then jealous to show their treasures fully open, so that the space below seemed one bright gleam of soft grey dreamy light, that sparkled, spoke, and faded with an answer snatched from the inmost soul. So far all woman, love, and softness; then below—the mouth chilling the warmth that cradled it, hard lined, creasing the skin in furrows that showed sharp and angry against the fairness of the face—a mouth that summed up all the woman in '*I will!*'

To men, Adelaide Gawton was an admiration, at a distance—an enthusiasm that cooled and chilled as the acquaintance ripened—a fascination that strangely held its own amongst them, but ever crept away outside the danger-limit that lay hidden, scarce defined, but lay beneath her fairest moods. To women she was hateful—hated; their queen against themselves; a shell that bruised their pretty feathers, for ever tearing off their mysteries of smiles and looks, those dainty nets that make a woman all she is not, more than all she is, to men: reading their cherished secrets, and flaunting them for arms against their owners. No wonder that they spoke, and thought, and looked against her.

Yet she was good, too good, this woman in her friendship when she found it, and would lend her softest kindness to the ones she cared for, and stand beside them true as the steel that girt the warriors of old days; and it was evil work to thwart her bravery when she armed herself to battle for her friends.

He who came with her was a tall, good-looking man of some



Drawn by F. A. Fraser.]

# THE PENANCE OF ADELAIDE GAWTON.

'The man wrote something on a card.'



attainments, travelled, and easy in his ways. A man for men to smoke, and chat, and ride with, but who seldom spoke to women; and so women spoke much of him, and baited for his love with silly little gauds that showed the glitter of the hook so plainly that he passed on, and left them half angry, half disconsolate. But not so to all. To the outer world he seemed all this; but there were those who had read the volume through, and at the final page had come to know him as he was; and of these, none better than Adelaide Gawton.

For nearly a year past the world had coupled their names; first in a tremble of delight to see the white flesh peeping through the armour that had so long defied its lances; then all expectancy for the crash that was bound to be when planets such as these turn vagrant; and, lastly, a dull monotony of whispers, turning down of eyes when they were near, the mute reproaches of a world that felt itself so hardly used. There were no outward signs; a faithful cavalier; useful to sit a horse beside her in the Park, and save her from the attendance of a groom; or take her to the theatres when the play was long, and Jack was tired and preferred his dressing-gown at home; a pleasant friend to sit by at the dinners the world required to be eaten; some one at least to talk to, whoever sat at the other side; and the dear, knowing world would always seat them thus together, and do its little best to fan the spark it longed to see ablaze.

Relf had walked up to the Gawtons in the afternoon, and had driven down in her brougham to Club Chambers.

'You are so silent to-night,' he said, as the carriage turned out of the Park.

'Am I?' She spoke in a dreamy voice, gazing into the dimness of the night meanwhile, as if her eyes could trace the thoughts that had wandered away so far.

'I must speak to Jansen to-night. If I can't get this wretched money, I shall be disgraced; and then farewell to our acquaintance.'

'Why farewell? You know I care nothing for the world and what it says. I think it no disgrace to you that you are poor.'

'You do not, I know; but I do. How could I face their sneers?'

'I think that I could face them.'

'Yes, because you are a woman; it's only men must not be poor.'

'Philip, if I were a man, and saw another man sneer at me, or talk or look against me, I'd kill him.' Her voice sounded low and distant; but there was that in its tone that made him almost shudder.

'Yes; it's easy to think these things when there is no chance of doing them.'

'No chance of doing them?' She had turned quickly towards him, speaking eagerly, fiercely. Then as his eyes fell before her, she went on, 'But I forget that I am a woman. Women don't kill; they only sting, and bite, and fall, and die. It is you men that fight, and rule, and push the world along; and yet you cannot face a sneer.' Then the brougham stopped and she wrapped her shawl about her and stepped out; and so upstairs to Arthur Shaine's apartments.

He met them on the threshold, with pleasant smile and outstretched hand.

'How do you do, my dear Mrs. Gawton?' grasping her ungloved hand. 'So glad you are come; we began to be afraid that you were going to disappoint us.'

'Really! I did not know that my coming or not coming was of so much interest to your friends.'

'You must not think so badly of us as all that; I assure you we have thought a great deal about your coming.'

'How very kind of you.'

'We thought you might have found that you had some engagement, for of course this little affair to-night is nothing: I could not expect you to give up anything else for it.'

'Oh! how stupid you are! Of course I came because I had promised; besides, I was obliged to see Jack off.' Then she went round the room, shaking hands in silence, or with the faintest attempts at 'How do you do?' upon her lips.

Relf had joined Jansen on the hearth-rug: Jack Gawton was inside, superintending his packing.

'How do you do, Mr. Jansen?' said Mrs. Gawton, holding out her hand as the little man smirked and bowed. 'I'm quite tired of shaking hands; yours must really be the last. What glorious diamonds!' And she bent her head to look at them, till her dark hair seemed to touch their owner's face.

The others had gathered a little apart, and were watching her in silence. From the time she had entered, no one had spoken but herself and Arthur Shaine. It was as if a sudden chill had fallen on all there and frozen them—some strange spell that tangled its web about their tongues and left them speechless.

And yet Adelaide Gawton came with no such thoughts towards them; her greatest enemy could not have more annoyed her than to have prevented her from forming one of the party at Arthur Shaine's. For the past week she had looked forward to it, and had spoken of it with anticipation of

pleasure. Shaine was an old and a dear friend, a man she looked upon as a brother, or more, always in a brotherly direction. She had a considerable curiosity to see the inside of the sacred Club Chambers, and had been accompanied thither by her own particular friend Relf; and yet the instant the faces assembled there to welcome her were seen, she chilled, and froze, and thrust back all her warm, kind woman's heart, stifled her pleasant thoughts, and masked herself with that she hated, and yet could not tear aside.

'How nice it is that you are able to afford such beautiful things,' she was saying, with her eyes still fixed upon the diamonds.

'Ah! it is my hobby—my little extravagance; and when the ladies admire, am I not repaid?'

'They must be very valuable, they are so large, and seem so clear and bright; you are rich to buy such ornaments.'

'Ah, no; not rich, as you English people are; but I spend a little; and then I have no wife, no children; only these rooms, and George to wait; it is not much.'

'Yet you are rich!' she went on, without heeding him, more as if speaking to herself than answering his apologies. 'It is pleasant to be so, and to do good; to be generous to oneself and to others; is it not?' Her thoughts were back again in the brougham, musing on the words Relf had spoken.

'Ah, yes! to be generous is a fine luxury, for you good ladies,' stammered the little man, growing uncomfortable in his ignorance of what she was driving at; 'but it is our friend here, Arthur, who is generous and good; you must speak to him of that, and ask him to tell you how it is done; how even now he was late to pay his compliments to the dear ladies



who honoured him, for the sake of the little beggar that he was good to.'

She turned to Arthur with a smile.

'We know who the good Fairy is, that walks the streets with pockets full of shillings—the Fairy in a frock-coat.' And she raised her eyes, and laughed so gaily that the rest joined in, and banished the ice to the cellars in a moment. 'Now tell me who this new founding is.'

'Only a child I spoke to; a little child; nothing to make so many words about.'

Yet she was not to be put off, but persisted in her questions till she fairly sat him down upon the sofa, and was soon lost in listening to his story.

'What a good temper she is in to-night!' whispered Bella to her sister. 'I was afraid we were in for a scene at first.'

Relf, who had gone into the next room, now returned with Jack Gawton, whom he had unearthed from his packing.

Jack Gawton was in a good humour; no wonderful thing for him, but still in a humour that was noticeable as more than usually good. Perhaps the thoughts of his continental trip might have had something to do with it, or the few whispered words with Mrs. Stanley; any way, he was in capital spirits.

'What's the matter with you, Jack?' called out his wife demurely, as he was laughing at some words of Bella Lestrangle.

'Nothing particular, Ada; only a little joke that Bella made.'

'And are Bella's jokes too profound for us poor outsiders?—may we not enjoy them also?' She spoke in a cold, biting tone that was meant to hurt, and did.

Bella, thus finding herself the

centre of the gathering, flushed up scarlet, and rose to defend herself.

'I'm sure, Adelaide, you need not be so cross; if you don't like me to speak to Jack, why don't you say so?' And she turned away to her sister, half frightened at the sound of her own angry voice.

'Come, Ada,' chimed in Gawton, 'there's no great harm done; Bella's jokes are so very mild.' And he came across the room and sat beside his wife, making an attempt to place his arm round her waist. But she held him away, and turned aside, and would none of his peace-making.

'Very mild, I should imagine, but they seem to amuse you. You might as well have spoken to me, I think, before you began making love to Bella. Oh, don't deny it; I'm used to it now; it's not the first time!' And she shut her lips, and looked as cold and unforgiving as could be.

'Well, Ada, if you will take it so you must, though I really don't see what there is to complain of. You don't object to my speaking to Bella, surely?'

'Oh, dear, no; I don't object!'

'But, Ada——'

'There, that is enough; don't make a scene before these people, pray!'

'But I'm not making a scene,' persisted Jack, growing red, and ever so little angry.

'You are, I tell you; but it is always so with you: any fresh face, and you are off to it at once.'

'But Bella's face is not fresh to me.'

'We have said quite enough about it! Look how the people are staring! I won't have a scene made.' And she got up and walked across to the window, and looked out vacantly into the fog.

*(To be continued.)*

## MARRIED, OR MARRED?

I AM told, O my love, thou hast married,  
 And I guessed thou wast marred ;  
 Could'st thou not for a season have tarried,  
 Ere thy freedom was barred ?

I was poor, I was thwarted by distance—  
 Out of sight, out of mind ;  
 There was no one to offer assistance  
 To the deaf and the blind.

For I heard not, I saw not misfortune,  
 I was voiceless and far ;  
 Did I know, should I care to importune  
 So fallen a star ?

Yet perchance had I dreamed of disaster,  
 I had spared not to speak ;  
 I had flown to thy rescuing faster,  
 To print shame on thy cheek.

Dost forget all the vows that we plighted,  
 And the ring that we broke ;  
 That thou among women hast blighted  
 The sweet life love awoke ?

Dost remember the hours that we wandered  
 With hand clasped in hand,  
 And the fears for our future we pondered,  
 In the dusk of the land ?

O the kisses, the sighs, the embraces,  
 With the tears that would start !  
 Have they left not a touch of their traces  
 In the hush of thy heart ?

Hast thou gone into gloom of forgetting,  
 In the lapse of thy course ?  
 Hast thou past beyond pangs of regretting,  
 Beyond reach of remorse ?

In the past, or the future, or present,  
 Is thy haven of light ?  
 Is the harvest about thee so pleasant,  
 That thou reapest delight ?

And the churl that thy beauty has brightened,  
 In his parish and school—  
 Though the load on thy soul is not lightened—  
 Is he knave or a fool ?

I am told he is rich and a rector,  
 Fond of pigs and of port ;  
 And there's use in a saintly protector,  
 Up in heaven or at court.

After dinner, they say, he gets fuddled,  
 And he needs to be fanned ;  
 While his tithings and wenches are muddled,  
 With the sermon on hand.

Then he dreams in his capulous slumber,  
What the beast in him must ;  
Prates of sins without name, without number,  
Mixes learning and lust.

Then he wakes with the clatter of glasses,  
And a sound like a curse ;  
Chucks his maid on the chin as she passes,  
And jingles his purse.

But he seems, in the pulpit, so sober,  
So devoted and sound ;  
And as mellow as pears in October,  
When just frosted and browned.

Never mind, if he's ugly and narrow,  
Or as old as thy sire ;  
Let him sport with his hoe and his barrow,  
With his pigs in their mire.

O my love, I am jealous and bitter,  
For the fate thou hast met ;  
For I hoped, like a fool, I was fitter—  
O my playmate, my pet !

Thou hast left me so soon without warning,  
That it's all like a dream—  
Like a nightmare that comes before morning,  
In the gloom and the gleam.

Yesterday we were friends, we were lovers,  
And our faces were bright ;  
Yet to-day but the dawning discovers  
The delusions of night.

And the morrow—I muse on the morrow  
With an awe and a grief ;  
Will it heap on us sufferings and sorrow,  
Will it bring us relief ?

O the visions that rise and confound me,  
When for solace I burn !  
O the troubles that chafe and surround me,  
Wheresoever I turn !

And thou—is there peace in thy bosom,  
Is there light in those eyes ?  
Has thy life not gone out in its blossom,  
And the sun in thy skies ?

Will a child ever call thee its mother,  
And climb to thy knee ?  
Will its fondlings and foolishness smother  
All the yearnings to be ?

Ah, the firelight will flicker and show thee  
Fair tresses that shine ;  
Dim features will waver and throw thee  
Their endearments divine.

In thy chamber no blessing to nestle  
To the warmth of thy breast ;  
On thy pillow no darling to wrestle,  
And to sweeten thy rest.

In the day a mute hunger and raving  
For the lips and the hands;  
In the night but a pitiless craving  
For the childish demands.

Thou wilt hear but thy husband's dull tattle,  
As he chokes with his bile;  
But no infantine lisping or prattle,  
To provoke thee to smile.

When the babe of thy friend chides its mother,  
Will it sting thee at last?  
Wilt thou wish that thy fortune were other  
Than the fortune thou hast?

Yet thou lackest no purchase of money,  
At the beck of thy hand;  
Thou hast stores of the milk and the honey,  
Of the fat of the land.

For his animal eye in thy satins  
Finds a luxury cold;  
And he swells to survey thee at Matins,  
In his purple and gold.

Is the title of wife such a treasure,  
If the truth is not there?  
Wilt thou find in his thoughts any pleasure  
That thou ever canst share?

Is it home where the household is saddened  
By the plaint of thy dove;  
Where the hall and the stairs are not gladdened  
With the laughter of love?

In the darkness and silence I wonder,  
When thy dreams are at strife,  
Wilt thou deem it a sin, or a blunder,  
To have blasted thy life?

And in vain any hopes dost thou cherish,  
Where the promise is not;  
They will dazzle thy sight but to perish,  
They will ripen to rot.

O I know how the shadows will thicken,  
And thy bosom will quake;  
Thou wilt cry<sup>t</sup> or a rapture to quicken,  
For a presence to wake.

Though thy sobs and entreaties were double,  
Yet the storm would be still;  
Shall God and His thunders have trouble  
To come down at thy will?

At each step thou wilt tremble and hearken  
For the foot that has fled;  
And thy eyes in their anguish will darken,  
As the eyes of the dead.

And for me—but I cannot uncover  
Half the wounds of my heart;  
It were idle to plead as a lover,  
When a stranger's thou art.

If I dared for a moment to sever  
From my passion its mask,  
Should I find what I follow for ever,  
Should I have what I ask?

Would my fire be availing to heat thee,  
And to draw thee more near?  
Wouldst thou mock at my weeping to meet thee,  
Were I borne on my bier?

Thy face would be surely averted,  
In the maddening of pain,  
And the tears would not leave thee deserted  
By their tempest of rain.

But, alas! as a fool I am dreaming,  
As a knave I conspire;  
To defraud thee of sanctity's seeming  
Is an impious desire.

Stick fast to thy holy supporter,  
While he still is thy own;  
Till the querulous days growing shorter,  
Leave thee childless and lone.

Though his gossip wax flat in its flavour,  
And his stories be stale,  
And his breath have too often the savour  
Of his snuff and his ale;

Though he stint thee and cease to be civil,  
And be free with his oath;  
Though in waking and dreaming he drivell  
Nor to lying is loath:

If, at last, when his senses are duller,  
And his life in his paunch,  
He should beat in thy paleness a colour,  
Thou must bear and be staunch.

Is he not all thy husband and patron,  
With his burden of fat;  
And thou but the jest of a matron,  
Who art wedded to that?

Do not fret at his vices and weakness,  
His debauches of wine;  
But put up with the scandal in meekness—  
For, remember, he's thine.

But my lips, O they long so to bless thee,  
And they thirst so to kiss;  
And my arms, how they crave to caress thee,  
The dear maiden they miss!

In the daytime thy image yet lingers,  
And I grope in the night—  
Ah, I feel for the touch of thy fingers,  
That are wondrous and white.

I am hungry, and nought can appease me  
But the words of thy mouth;  
I am parched, and what medicine can ease me  
But thy balm for my drouth?

*Married, or Marred?*

I am faint, and the morning is dreary,  
And the noon has a cloud ;  
Yea, at evening I mourn and am weary,  
For the love that was vowed.

I am stricken, and no one is near me  
To take count of my sighs ;  
I am dying, and nothing can cheer me  
Save the light of thy eyes.

Is it day ? is it night ? for I know not,  
And my eyesight is dark ;  
Do they call me and chide ? but I go not,  
For my ears cannot hark.

O my darling, my sweet, I am thinking  
Through the seasons of thee ;  
And thy voice I am ever enlinking  
With the sound of the sea.

When I toy with the shell of the shingle  
That I lift to my ear ;  
My God ! the soft murmurs that tingle,  
And the name that I hear !

In the wail of the west wind it quivers,  
With low pulses of grief ;  
In the chill of the east wind it shivers  
Like a storm-beaten leaf.

In the crowd I go foolishly chasing  
Thy phantom or thought,  
And alone I am always embracing  
A form that is nought.

Shall I give of my hatred or laughter,  
For the wrong thou hast done ?  
Shall we meet in the world or hereafter,  
And apart or as one ?

There is death with its sting and its scourges,  
And the grave has its curse ;  
Yea, the sea has its funeral surges ;  
But thy love—it is worse.

F. W. ORDE WARD.





## THE BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW.

BY 'OLD CALABAR.'

**F**OURTEEN years have passed away and somewhat milked my hair since the first show of dogs took place at Birmingham.

How many glorious fellows connected with that and subsequent exhibitions have 'gone from our gaze,' never again to be seen by those who were 'hail-fellows well met' with them!

Poor Frederick Burdett, Paul Hakett, George Jones, George Moore, that inimitable judge of a pointer; Joseph Lang, and, lately, Major Irving, with a host of others, have passed away.

Ruthless Death, with his attendant, 'Old Father Time,' has mowed them down in quick succession without favour or distinction.

It makes one sad to think of it; and also to know that some who are in the land of the living have, to use a sporting expression, 'cut it.'

For years I have not seen 'the Prior,' 'Idstone,' the Revs. O'Grady and Mellor, John Walker of Halifax, and Croppen of Horn-castle. Yet I know that some of them are still to the fore in dog matters, and are running their race against 'all time.'

Poor Walker, by-the-by, I saw last year. He was unfortunately shot by accident some two or three seasons back by a friend; he has never, if I may so term it, 'come with a rush' again. William Lort, one of our oldest judges, is hard at work here, there, and everywhere, with one or two more of the old circuit.

What has become of Viscount

Curzon, who so well filled the chair at the Annual Dinner? Death has been busy again, for Viscount Curzon is, by the demise of his father, now Earl Howe. The last time I saw his Lordship was at the 'Hen and Chickens' at Birmingham, in 1869. Poor Lord Garvagh was on his right hand; he too has gone 'the way of all flesh.'

On that occasion I remember that prince of good fellows, R. L. Hunt, who has been connected with the show from its commencement, singing a song that made our hair curl, and drove one or two white-tied gentlemen from the room.

The Earl Howe has been chairman of the Committee ever since the show was started, and Mr. George Beech, the secretary, nearly as long; and right well has he done his work.

I do not exactly know with whom the idea of dog shows originated. My old friend, the late Major Irving, told me it was with Frederick Burdett; others have informed me it was Mr. Brailsford, the father of the present men, and formerly keeper to the Earl of Derby, the present Earl's father. Whoever it originated with, it was a happy idea, and has given endless amusement to thousands.

As I have often stated, I do not think shows have improved the breed of dogs, but they have brought many strains forward which were known nothing about before, except to a few.

Dog shows have opened the door to a good deal of roguery; unscrupulous breeders have bred

dogs for size, head, coat, and colour. To effect this they have mixed up strains; the consequence is that, although it cannot be detected by the judges, the animals are, in reality, nothing more or less than mongrels; this has been done more particularly in the sporting classes, and with fox-terriers especially.

But dog shows are wonderfully popular all over the kingdom. It has not rested with us alone, for the French have for years had exhibitions, and this year there was one at Vienna.

It has often surprised me there is so much wrangling, and so many letters from disappointed exhibitors, after a dog show. The same thing does not occur in cattle and horse shows; why then with dog shows?

The Birmingham dog show is a favourite of mine. Everything is so well conducted and carried out. The comfort of the animals is strictly attended to, and the building is spacious and airy. You see so many old friends you would not otherwise meet, which makes it very enjoyable.

One of the most celebrated breeders of blood-hounds is Major John A. Cowen, of Blaydon Burn, Blaydon-on-Tyne; and he has also a famous breed of setters, but he never has a bad one of any sort.

All coursing men breed good greyhounds, so I cannot pitch on any one in particular for these—and fox-hounds, deer-hounds, otter-hounds, harriers, or beagles, are bred by so many that I cannot pick out any one in particular.

The most celebrated breeders of fox-terriers are Messrs. Murchison and Gibson, Brokenhurst, Lymington, Hants; Mr. Cropper, of Horncastle, and Mr. T. Wootton, Mapperley, near Nottingham. Of pointers, small and medium-sized, perhaps Mr. Whitehouse, Ipsley

Court, Redditch, Warwickshire, is the best known; of the large size, Mr. Thomas Smith, The Grange, Tettenhall, Wolverhampton; Richard Garth, Esq., Q.C.; Lord Downe, Danby Lodge, Yarm, Yorkshire; Mr. Francis R. Hemming, Bentley Manor, Bromsgrove, and others. Of setters, R. Ll. Purcell-Llewellyn, Esq., Willesley Hall, Ashby-de-la-Zouche, Leicestershire; Edward Laverack, Esq., Broughall Cottage, near Whitechurch, Shropshire; Geo. Jones, Esq., Ivy Cottage, Ascott; Thomas Pilkington, Esq., Lyme Grove, Prescott, Lancashire; Major John A. Cowen, Blaydon Burn, Blaydon-on-Tyne; Captain Thomas Allaway, Highbury House, near Lydney; Captain Richard Cooper, Thornly Hall, Welford, Rugby; Capt. Hutchison; The Prior, and many others. Of retrievers, I shall only name one, Mr. J. D. Gorse, Old Manor House, Radcliffe-on-Trent, Notts. His curly black-coated dogs are the handsomest I ever saw.

There are so many different breeds of spaniels that I will not attempt to name any breeders—their name is Legion—neither do I intend to touch on the non-sporting classes; but should any one wish to know where any particular sort of dog is to be had, and will write to me, I shall have great pleasure in giving him every information.

Gentlemen who are anxious to become members of a canine society, cannot, I imagine, do better than belong to the National, which is composed of many of the first noblemen and sportsmen in the United Kingdom.

The society held their show the latter part of last year at Nottingham, and a very capital show it was, too, and bids fair to be second to none.

To exhibitors, disappointed or otherwise, I would say, never

mind the reports you read in papers as to the merits or non-merits of your dogs; remember that such reports are only the production of *one*, and *that one* may know just as much of a dog as he does of the man in the moon. It is amusing to read the accounts of a show in the different papers. I have very frequently seen every one of them disagree; one calling a dog a splendid animal; another, that the said splendid animal was nothing but a cur: so I say, never be disheartened at what the papers may write, and remember the fable of the old man and his ass.

Curzon Hall has been much enlarged of late years, and it is now not nearly big enough for the number of dogs that are sent. It is a fine building, and eminently adapted for the purpose. Walking along the galleries, which are very spacious, you can look over and see all the dogs below and the people as well.

The entries this year are exactly thirty-three in advance of 1872. Take it altogether, it is the best entry, as to numbers and quality, they have ever had. The total entries in the sporting classes were 557; viz. 10 blood-hounds, 23 deer-hounds, 19 greyhounds, 4 otter-hounds, 11 harriers, 8 beagles, 127 fox-terriers, 85 pointers, 87 setters, 78 retrievers, 82 spaniels, 15 Dachshunds, and 5 in the extra class for any foreign breed of sporting dogs.

For dogs not used in field-sports there were 387 entries; viz., 46 mastiffs, 24 St. Bernards, 19 Newfoundland, 26 sheep-dogs, 6 Dalmatians, 23 bull-dogs, 27 bull-terriers, 15 smooth-haired terriers, 25 black-and-tan terriers, 16 Skye terriers, 15 Dandie Dinmonts, 6 broken-haired terriers, 17 Bedlington terriers, 12 wire-haired terriers, 14 Pomeranians, 19 pugs, 6 Maltese, 7 Italian greyhounds, 8 Blenheim

spaniels, 7 King Charles spaniels, 28 toy terriers, and 21 foreign dogs.

I have before remarked that many, very many, find fault with the decisions of judges when there is no occasion to do so, and some when there is just reason; but they should remember it is not etiquette to question the judges' fiat. They enter their dogs subject to those who are chosen to adjudicate on their merits; and after the awards are made, right or wrong, there should be an end to the matter.

I have always thought, and always shall think, that the public would be much more satisfied if they knew who the judges would be at the time a show was advertised. Those intending to exhibit could then do as they liked, enter or not. But, on the other hand, if this were done, the entries would not be nearly so numerous, and the receipts smaller in proportion; but in such a show as Birmingham, where the Committee have a good balance in hand, it would not much matter. At any rate, it is worth the trial. The Birmingham Committee is composed of men who are thoroughly well up on the subject, and have, doubtless, good reasons for continuing as they do.

An attempt was made, some years ago, of judging by points—a thoroughly absurd notion, and one worthy of those from whom it emanated.

Fancy men who really knew what a dog was, going about with a tape, like a tailor! Would you see judges of horses or cattle doing this? Perhaps to take the girth of a bullock it might be, and is done; but that is all, except weighing them. When the entries are numerous, of course it takes time to judge them. In such a class as the fox-terriers, which is extremely large at Birmingham—this year it

being no less than 127, and many of the animals being very evenly balanced—it is anything but an easy task; but with all this, judges generally manage to spot the right animals. It does not follow that sporting dogs who gain a prize at a show are any good for the field. Many first-prize dogs are utterly useless for it, never having been broken: and, if they had, might perhaps have turned out worthless. Dogs of the first breed are often gun-shy, want nose, face, method of range, will not back or stand, and are otherwise utterly unmanageable. It is not every dog that breaks well; not one in ten makes what is called a first-class animal. All judges can do, when the dogs are led from their benches, is to give prizes to those who come up to the standard in head, shape, strength, colour, and general goodness of formation.

At some shows judging in public is the fashion; but this is a very great mistake, and has been proved to be so time after time. Judges should be quite to themselves when they are giving their awards; and not have a crowd around them making their remarks, which are sometimes anything but flattering. A dog, to win at such a show as Birmingham, must not only be handsome, but he must go up in good coat and in the pink of condition.

Having now given a general outline of the Birmingham Dog Show from its commencement, I will turn to the show itself for this year. Take it altogether, it has been the most successful one that has yet taken place; and when in Class 3, bloodhounds (dogs), the following prices are attached to them, perhaps all readers may form some idea how the owners value their animals:—Rival, 500*l.*, Brutus, 1000*l.*, Baron, 1050*l.*, Draco, 10,000,000,000*l.* Of course these prices are only put

against them to show they are not for sale. Another, by the same owner as Draco, was merely 10,000*l.* So highly are stock dogs and breeding bitches valued, that it is simply impossible to get them; and it is very rarely the best pups are sold, and if they are, at an enormous price.

Altogether, there were 103 classes, so it will be impossible for me to notice all; in fact I must leave the non-sporting classes, and confine myself to pointers, setters, spaniels, and retrievers.

I will take three gentlemen who sent heavy entries:—Mr. Price of Rhiwlas, Bala, North Wales, had fourteen entries, comprising 1 fox-terrier, 6 pointers, 1 setter, 2 retrievers, 1 spaniel, 1 sheep dog, 1 Dalmatian, and 1 bull-dog. He only got with these, two first prizes, one commended, and five highly commended. Notwithstanding all the puff and long pedigrees given by this gentleman in the catalogues, it will be seen he did not do very much. Two of the highly commended ones, Ginx's Baby and a dog with an unwritable name, were bred by Mr. Purcell Llewellyn, who has three more of the same litter in his kennel far superior to these. His pointer bitch, Belle, was absent, but in her place was a large photograph—another species of puff. The bitch is not A 1, being a soft, tiring animal. In the catalogue she appears with 10,000,000,000*l.* as her price. Take away the figure 1, and we should then get at her right value. As regards his old setter, Regent, who took a first in Class 34, it is an incomprehensible bit of judgment; for Mr. Llewellyn's eleven months old Flame was the best in the class, far away. I am forced to admit that the Rhiwlas kennel is but a second-rate one. Mr. Purcell Llewellyn had eight entries, one absent (Nellie). None of his dogs

were in feather, yet so good are they that out of the seven who represented him six were to the fore—two first prizes, one second prize, and three highly commended. This is something like form. Prince took the first in the Champion Class. He is, without doubt, the handsomest headed setter in England, and the Champion Countess not only very beautiful, but *the best in the field*. Prince won at the Crystal Palace this year, taking champion prize and extra cup—the same at Birmingham in 1872 and 1873; first prize and extra cup at the Crystal Palace in 1872; at Birmingham in 1871 and 1872, first prize and extra cup. He has never been shown anywhere else, and has never been beaten. Countess, the nonpareil, though out of feather, was in good muscle and condition, and beat Mr. Dickens's celebrated Belle. Countess has only been exhibited four times—at the Crystal Palace and Birmingham—has won each time and never been beaten. Take her altogether, she is *the* setter of England.

Mr. Whitehouse, of Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, had an entry of twelve—11 pointers and 1 retriever. Out of these there were three first prizes, one second, one highly commended, and one commended. It will thus be seen that, as breeders, both Mr. Whitehouse, for pointers, and Mr. Purcell Llewellyn, for setters, are far before Mr. Price—and will be, for his animals are not up to the mark. Mr. Thomas Smith, of the Grange, Tettenhall, Wolverhampton, had a grand entry of ten; and he spotted three first prizes and one commended. Take the setters all through, they were very good.

The black-and-tan setters in Class 37 (dogs) were good; but in Class 38 (bitches) were still better.

Class 39, setters (Irish dogs),

was good. Curiously enough, there was exactly the same entry this year as last, viz., 14. Mr. Stone, with Dash, spotted the first prize; Mr. Purcell Llewellyn, the second with Kite, V.H.C., with Kimo, and three others got V.H.C.

In 1872 the entry for Class 40, setters (Irish bitches), was 10; this year it was only 8; but they were the best lot that have ever been shown at the Hall and so highly were they thought of by the judges that every one in the class was highly commended. Here three gentlemen, probably the best breeders of the Irish setter we have, contended, viz., Captains Cooper and Allaway, and Mr. Purcell Llewellyn. Captain Cooper exhibited three, Captain Allaway one, Mr. Llewellyn one; but the first prize fell to neither of these gentlemen, Mr. Jephson beating them on the post with Lilly II., and Captain Cooper running a good second with Eilie; though neither were bred by the same gentleman, yet each was two years and four months old.

There were 78 entries for retrievers. For the best in all classes (curly-coated), Mr. Morris took it with True; he also secured the Champion Class Bitches (curly-coated) with X L; second prize in Class 43 with Marquis; highly commended in same class with Monarch; first prize in Class 44 with Moretta. So with an entry of six he secured three first prizes, one second, and one highly commended—good form indeed.

My old friend Mr. Gorse, one of our very best breeders, took the champion prize in smooth or wavy-coated dogs with Sailor, four years old; and a fine animal he is. The spaniels were 82 entries, and some very good ones, too, there were among them. Classes 55 and 56 were capital.

Better have never been seen at Curzon Hall.

The greyhounds were a poor lot. It is not the time of year for hounds or greyhounds, as they are all at work.

The non-sporting and toy classes were well represented. And it was amusing to see the excitement and hear the exclamations of some of the ladies on looking at the cages which held these beautiful little animals.

I have often thought how much better it would be if ladies, or others who want dogs, instead of sending to a London dealer, who is almost sure to 'do' them, were to attend such shows as Birmingham, the Crystal Palace, or Nottingham. There you can pick out what you want—always remembering you must give a good price for a good article. But, then, if you intend to exhibit, and you have a good animal, it will soon pay itself; and if you breed, the pups will see your money back.

Good as the other exhibitions have been at Birmingham, this must be considered the best; and with an entry of 944 against 911 of last year.

At the time of writing this—the 3rd December—I have seen no letters from disappointed exhibitors or others. But, then, 'Bell's Life,' 'Land and Water,' and *THE Authority* (*query*) have not yet appeared.

The 'Times,' however, for the 2nd December, says it was a most capital show.

Both Mr. Murchison and the Rev. Mr. Tennison Mosse were conspicuous by their absence, but I hope to see them to the fore again at the Crystal Palace Show, with their unapproachable fox and Dandie Dinmont terriers. Talking of fox-terriers, I have overlooked them. Not only was the entry a grand one (127), but the quality was good

too. I love the terrier, for he is a sporting little dog, no matter what breed; but the fox-terrier is the favourite, if one may judge from the entries. But why other terriers, such as smooth-haired, black-and-tan, Skye, drop-eared and others, Dandie Dinmont, broken-haired, wire-haired, and Bedlington, should not be included in the sporting classes, I have ever been at a loss to imagine. There is no better terrier exists to drive heavy gorse for rabbits than the Dandie Dinmont. He is the gamest of the game, and no cover, however thick, will stop him. Mr. Wootton, of Mapperley, near Nottingham, has a magnificent breed, of wire-haired terriers, the best in England. For this class (92), there were twelve entries; but Mr. Wootton skinned the lamb, taking first and second prizes with Venture and Tip, and the highly commended Spot being bred by him.

Whatever sort of terrier Mr. Wootton has, you may be sure of one thing—that it is the right sort.

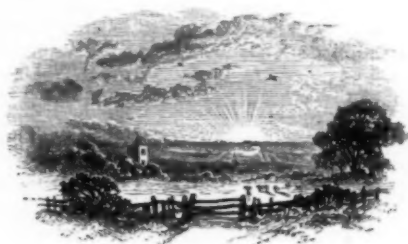
I confess to a *penchant* for the wire-haired terrier, rather than the fox-terrier, for the latter are now bred very soft and delicate—there is too much Italian greyhound in them for me. Of course I am speaking generally. Give me, if I must have fox-terriers, hard ones, such as Old Jock was—something that will stand wet and cold, the cut-and-come-again sort.

One thing I sincerely hope will be done away with next year at Birmingham, viz., the photographic dodge of advertisement, as was the case with Mr. Price's Belle. It is quite wearying enough to inflict his long-winded pedigrees on the public, without the picture puff; and I trust the Committee will see the necessity of putting a stop to this, or in a few years Curzon Hall will be turned into a photographic gal-

lery, instead of a dog show, which I hardly think would be pleasing to the visitors.

The next dog show of any importance will be at the Crystal Palace, held from June 9th to the 12th. It is to be hoped that the judges this year will be properly selected; but as it is to be held under the auspices of the

Kennel Club, I suppose none but their own clique will officiate. But let me hope they will see the folly of such a course, and that they will select judges that do not belong to their association—then the public will have confidence, which they will not if *members of the club exhibit, and members of the club adjudicate.*





## 'LONDON, CHATHAM, AND DOVER.'

PITCHY darkness—foggy grimness,  
 Torrents of descending rain ;  
 Through the smoke, and smell, and dimness,  
 Thus I see the place again.

Trains in-coming—trains out-speeding,  
 Passengers imploring aid :  
 Busy porters never heeding,  
 Hoarse demands for luggage strayed.

Whilst along the lines the vanguard  
 Of the public papers run,  
 'Daily !' 'Graphic !' 'Evening Standard !'  
 'Punch, sir !' 'Judy !' 'Echo !' 'Fun.'

In the cheerless room for waiting.  
 Furnished in a style severe,  
 Weary travellers, tired of baiting,  
 Criticise each other's gear.

Whilst the attendant round them hovers  
 All expectant of their cash :  
 Opening door a head discovers,  
 'Any lady here for ——.'

On the platform, patter, patter,  
 Ceaseless falls the drenching rain ;  
 Ding dong—Ding dong : noise and clatter,  
 'Bless me ! Henry ! that's our train.'

Hurry scurry—talking, rushing,  
 Through the smoke, and fog, and clay,  
 Clang of bells, and porters' pushing,  
 Off they go upon their way !

Backward then, in mental mutiny,  
 Turn I to the vacant room  
 Heedless of attendant's scrutiny,  
 Heedless of the cold and gloom.

What is this that rises o'er me  
As the bustle disappears?  
Why should the old scenes before me  
Smite as with a sense of tears?

'Tis the bridge that, stretching over  
From the vulgar to sublime,  
Makes a cabbage kin to clover,  
Links the monarch with the mime;

Which transfigures this wet planking  
Till like polished oak it gleams,  
And makes coarsest tones take rank in  
Angels' whispers heard in dreams!

So that, weighed down by the feeling  
Pressing on my breast like stone,  
I am fain to, sobbing, kneeling,  
Weep my heart out here alone.

Lay my head against the leather,  
Press my lips upon the floor  
Where we walked and talked together,  
Where we walk and talk no more.

Here, where my heart gauged the boundings  
Of a heart I deemed as true,  
Every common mean surrounding's  
Glorified by thoughts of you!

And I lose the outward grimness,  
See no darkness—hear no rain,  
'Midst the fog, and noise, and dimness;  
*You* are here with me again. '



## BETROTHAL.

I CANNOT tell you of my joy that morn,  
 When we together walked between the corn,  
     And sunniest beams  
 Were chasing, with soft silver-sandalled feet,  
 The gliding shadows on the golden wheat ;  
     Fair day of dreams !—  
 Pure dreams prophetic, that all came true,  
 And gave me love in life and life in you.

That memorable morn began the charm :  
 The gossips had our story at the farm  
     Ere they were told ;  
 The pigeons seemed to know we should be wed,  
 And cooed a sweet approval on the shed ;  
     And Isaac, old  
 And white with peaceful years, took me aside  
 To ask if I had won you as my bride.

I read a fairy book that afternoon,  
 And through the window came the breath of June,  
     To kiss your face,  
 And honeysuckle nesting in your hair ;  
 Your father was asleep in his big chair  
     By the door place :  
 Dear time of summer dusk and blossom scent,  
 Of garden walks in glad bewilderment.

I cannot tell you of my joy that night,  
 But I remember that the stars were bright,  
     And lilacs swung  
 To cooling wind with gentle rise and fall,  
 In moonlit clusters by the orchard wall,  
     Where roses hung ;  
 And I remember with new lease of life  
 I had a precious gift, and called it—wife !

GUY ROSLYN.



Drawn by W. Barber.

# THE RETROTHAL.

## BETROTHAL.

I CANNOT tell you of my joy that morn,  
 When we together walked between the corn,  
 And sunnier beams

Were chasing, with soft silver-sandalled feet,  
 The gliding shadows on the golden wheat;  
 Fair day of dreams fore-

Pure dreams prophetic, that all came true,  
 And gave me love in life and life in you.

That memorable morn began the charm;  
 The gossips had our story at the farm  
 Ere they were told;

The pigeons seemed to know we should be wed,  
 And shook a sweet approval on the shed;

And when with me you came, I felt me well,  
 To ask if I had won you as my bride.

I cannot tell you of my joy that morn,  
 When we together walked between the corn,  
 And sunnier beams

Were chasing, with soft silver-sandalled feet,  
 The gliding shadows on the golden wheat;  
 By the door place;

That first of summer dusk and moonlight glow,  
 Of garden walks in glad bewilderment,

I cannot tell you of my joy that night,  
 But I remember that the stars were bright,  
 And lilacs swung

To music, and with gentle rise and fall,  
 In moonlight, by the orchard wall,  
 And roses hung;

And I remember that you were so true,  
 I had a precious gift to give to you.

GUY ROSLYN.



Drawn by W. Boucher.]

# THE BETROTHAL.





## SOCIAL SUBJECTS.

ON BREAKFAST—HURRY—A TRIP TO THE MOON—‘THE WANDERING HEIR’ AT  
THE QUEEN’S THEATRE—PLAGIARISM—PROPERTY IN BRAIN-WORK.

THE following letter, which has been addressed to me, appears to be not altogether unworthy of consideration, and therefore I think it as well to submit it to the judgment of the readers of ‘London Society’ :—

‘SIR—I am very much inclined to agree with you in the remarks that you have recently made in the matters of lunch and dinner, and I must express my regret that in dealing with such Social Subjects you did not begin at the beginning, and start with breakfast. I trust, sir, most sincerely that you are not one of those unfortunate persons who never properly appreciate a meal which, to my mind, is of vast importance. My experience, extending over a quarter of a century, since I arrived at years of discretion, has persuaded me that those members of Society who take no interest in the matutinal meal are individuals who have either indulged too much overnight in alcohol combined with carbonic acid gas (soda and brandy, that is) or are suffering from attacks of liver supervening upon too sedentary an existence, or from the general misuse of their digestive powers. Breakfast, I venture to say, is quite as important a meal as dinner. Well-regulated stomachs—excuse my using a somewhat coarse expression—take just as much interest in the meal which begins the day as in that which ends it. And here I may say that I imagine I am entirely at one with you in considering that two honest meals a day are all that the ordinary run of grown-up people can desire. A light refreshment in the middle of the day is, no doubt,

desirable, but it should not reach the importance of what I conceive to be dignified by the term “meal.” We may take it that the dinner proper is consummated at 9 P.M., so supposing that breakfast does not take place till 8.30 A.M., eleven hours and a half have passed since the system has been renewed by food. Several of those hours have been devoted to sleep, the grand restorative of life, but when we wake there is the entire day to be provided for, and the busy and healthful man is warned by nature that he must provide sustenance for the energy which is to carry him successfully through his coming toil and struggle. By the working man—and I beg to observe, sir, that the term “working man” applies to many other persons than the agricultural labourer and the mechanic, and, in fact, is absurdly narrowed in modern phraseology—but little time can be spared, in this hurrying age, for the indulgence of a heavy repast in the midst of his labours, and therefore I am decidedly of opinion that he should always get outside of a good and substantial breakfast. Nothing is so annoying as to find one’s work stopped in the middle of the day because the pangs of hunger have got hold of us so strongly that we must frantically rush out and feed. Now if a man before starting from home partakes of a sound, honest, and substantial breakfast, he feels that he has armed himself, physically at all events, against the trials and troubles of the day. No sense of famishing can make such an one hurry over his contracts or render him impatient when an important

matter has to be discussed at length. But, sir, when I venture to say words to this effect in Society, it is objected that many business men have not this capacious appetite, and even if they had they are obliged to curtail the matutinal feast in order that they may catch the train which is to convey them to their several offices. I reply, if a man cannot eat his breakfast it is a sure sign that he has eaten a great deal too much dinner on the preceding evening, and is paying for a gluttonous voracity by an impaired digestion; and to the "catch-a-train" argument, I answer that that difficulty may be overcome by getting up a quarter of an hour earlier. Upon this latter point I am tempted to digress, but I refrain, trusting that you, sir, will deal with it at an early opportunity. Permit me to say that I consider breakfast quite as important a meal as dinner. A busy man's success during the day depends far more than he is aware of upon the breakfast he has commenced with. In the old coaching days it used to be said that upon the manner in which the driver began to go down a steep hill depended to a very considerable extent his chance of reaching the bottom in safety. And upon a wholesome, ample, and leisurely breakfast hangs a great deal of happiness, contentment, and success. The man who takes in a cup of coffee, a mutton chop, and an egg just as a booking-office takes in a parcel is not a person upon whose judgment it is possible to rely. A hasty and ill-considered breakfast has much to answer for when we calmly consider the sources (or the sauces—forgive the joke, but I assisted at a burlesque last night) of this world's woes. If you ask me to detail my theory of breakfast in support of

my position, I can only say that I think the articles of nourishment should be of a substantial and a varied order. In the last number of this interesting periodical you insisted upon the value of the art of cookery, but your observations were limited to the subject of dinner. I am decidedly of opinion that a cook should study breakfast quite as much as the later meal, for I think that both are equally important—and this ought to be much more insisted on than is usually the case. I am sadly convinced that in many houses the preparation of breakfast is relegated to the kitchen or scullery maid, and that the cook unjustifiably neglects a paramount duty. Indeed, it has sometimes occurred to me that in the culinary arrangements for breakfast, a subordinate in the kitchen has *carte blanche* to try all sorts of experiments, and to run wild among kidneys, fish puddings, poached eggs, and fried bacon. Why is the world so fond—or supposed to be so fond—of bacon for breakfast, I often wonder. Some distinguished foreigner once remarked that we English had a hundred religions, but only one sauce—melted butter. Some gifted countryman of his might now observe with equal justice that though we are fertile in inventive power so far as machinery is concerned, we never make any appreciable advance in the matter of bacon for breakfast. A rasher of bacon is good, I am willing to admit, but it is not the only food, and there are some things that are better. At all events it is unwise ever to run the risk of satiation. But I have somewhat digressed from dealing with the objections alluded to above. The man that has no appetite for breakfast *ought* to have one; and I maintain that the failure of his appreciation is due to neglect. You may depend upon it

that there is something wrong about that man's social habits. I will not go so far as to say that an incapacity for breakfast denotes an unquiet conscience, but I may hazard the guess that it is principally due to an unwise indulgence overnight. As to the man who complains that he has no time for breakfast, the obvious retort is, why don't you get up earlier? One great secret of success and happiness in life is never to be in a hurry. We often hear people complain that they have very little time to do this or that in. It will generally be found on examination that these people have no idea of how properly to economise their time, and they usually are insanely desirous of doing several things at once. The consequence is that they seldom or never do any one thing well. The result of their actions is, so to speak, underdone, and fails to give satisfaction. To persons who are conscious of this failing—and I think that very many persons *must* be conscious of it in their hearts—I would say, try honestly to conquer this besetting sin, and begin with breakfast. And in the first place, don't be in a hurry with your correspondence. Make it a rule never even to look at your letters till you have finished breakfast. If you open all the envelopes, you are sure to find that the contents of some will either annoy you in a manner that makes you disagreeable or sulky, or will put you in a high state of excitement, both of which mental states are fatal to any satisfactory manner of breaking your fast. Let your meal be your first consideration; that, reasonably partaken of and thoroughly enjoyed, will render you far more fit to cope with the anxieties or to curb the anticipations which the postman may have brought you. Never forget the abominable manner in which,

according to Shakespeare, King Henry VIII. gave to Cardinal Wolsey packet after packet, saying, "Read this—then this—and then to breakfast with what appetite you may." Rather remember Macbeth's grace: "May good digestion wait on appetite—and health on both!"

'I could say a great deal more, sir; indeed, I could wax eloquent upon this subject, but I have already trespassed too much upon your valuable time, and therefore, despite my own admonition, I hasten to sign myself

'Your obedient Servant,

'P. Q.'

I confess that I had intended to take up the subject of breakfast—eminently social as it ought to be—but my correspondent has saved me a great deal of trouble, and therefore I leave the matter in the fragmentary form in which he has put it. I will content myself with taking up his parable so far as regards *hurry*. Perhaps the greatest curse of the age in which we live is the breathless haste with which we perform almost every important action of our lives; nay, even the unimportant actions become of consequence by reason of the rapidity which we think it necessary to bring to bear upon them. The commonest excuse of the present day is, 'I really have not time' to do this or that. 'I have not a moment to spare' is the hasty statement which we hear twenty times a day. 'Well, I can give you just two or three minutes' is the reply of the business man whose advice you wish for gratis. If the required interview has anything to do with the possible and probable acquisition of money, the usual hurry will, to a certain extent, calm down, because the great hurry of our time is to get a good place in

the race for wealth, and breathing time for the purpose of considering the ground is not looked upon as wasted. Hurry extends even to religion. The legislature has recognised the popular demand, and has relaxed the Act of Uniformity in order that the services of the Church may be shortened. And what a sign, too, of universal hurry is the telegraph system! That system is, doubtless, far from perfect yet, and before very long we shall in all probability find ourselves employing the electric wire for the greater part of our correspondence, and our private houses will be fitted with a magnetic system which will entirely supersede the use of bells. For instance, more butter is wanted at breakfast, the fact is communicated to the domestic offices by electricity and the butter is brought without the necessity of verbal order, and so at least fifty per cent. of time is gained. The time will come when we shall wonder how people could possibly have tolerated the anxiety of waiting forty-eight hours for a reply to a letter. Such a state of things will soon be almost as incomprehensible as going from London to York by mail coach. There is one aspect of hurry, however, in which a reaction appears to be setting in. Desirous as we may be of getting over the ground quickly when we are travelling from place to place, an alarming chapter of railway accidents is inducing us to believe that after all our lives and limbs are worth some consideration, and that travelling at sixty miles an hour has decided drawbacks so long as there is the chance of colliding with a shunting goods train. Perhaps a little further reflection may lead us to think that speed in other phases of existence is not always compatible with safety, and that after all there

is something to be said in favour of the habits of the tortoise. My correspondent at the conclusion of his letter quotes Macbeth, and I may quote him again. Macbeth says: 'If 'twere done, then 'twere well it were done *quickly*;' but then that misguided chieftain had got a murder in his eye, and therefore his practice makes against the theory.

'The more haste, the less speed,' is an old saying, but, like many old sayings, its truthfulness frequently requires modification. Sometimes we hear somebody say, 'Oh, if I had not been in quite such a hurry!' but more frequently we hear people exclaim, 'Oh, if we had only been a little quicker!' Where is it all to end? In diseased hearts and softened brains, or in journeys to the moon, as suggested in M. Jules Verne's amusing scientific puzzle? Eminently fitted for these days is this work entitled, 'A Trip to the Moon in Ninety-seven Hours,' and although its playfulness is apparent, and its gentle irony wholly unconcealed, we may well question whether it will not be most seriously considered by many of our enthusiastic minds. According to M. Jules Verne, two American gentlemen and one Frenchman (nothing marvellous and eccentric could ever be accomplished unless there were a Frenchman concerned in it somehow or other) fit up a peaceful projectile, and cause themselves to be shot out of a gun nine hundred feet long, charged with two hundred thousand pounds of gun cotton, in an accurately calculated direction towards the moon. They arrive within four miles of their destination, but their calculations are unfortunately upset by the disturbing

influences of a vagabond meteoric body, and so they are dragged within the influence of the earth again, and eventually tumble with a terrific splash in the Pacific Ocean. The hollow projectile having descended to a considerable depth, asserts its right to float, and the three adventurers are eventually picked up safe and sound. If the object of the author was to impart scientific knowledge in a highly popular form, it must be conceded that he has amply gained his end. But in these days of Peculiar People, Christadelphians, Little Children Baptists, Spirit-rappers, and other oddities, it is much to be feared that M. Verne will have to be responsible for further additions to our already crowded lunatic asylums. No doubt it would be very interesting to talk to somebody who had journeyed to the moon and back, but while there are still so many problems to be solved in our own terrestrial globe, it is as well, perhaps, not to encourage more curious enthusiasts.

We are often told that the great aim of the modern dramatist should be to *amuse*. Experienced managers warn the aspirant to dramatic fame that it was all very well for Shakespeare to write tragedies; he happens to have succeeded, and has got a good name, is profoundly believed in by the British public, and it is occasionally a paying thing to 'revive' him, especially as some of his productions can be easily manipulated to suit modern taste, thereby proving that he was not merely for an age, but for all time. But though Shakespeare still lives in his writings, he is, unfortunately, unique, and as far as we can see, the prophecy has been fulfilled: 'we

shall not look upon his like again.' And so we are told that the age of tragedy is past, and that if 'Macbeth' or 'Othello' are to be reproduced, they certainly must not dream of talking blank verse, and their actions must be cast in an altogether different mould. Indeed, it is far better to eschew such types entirely—Othello and Iago must take the shape of John Mildmay and Captain Hawkesley in 'Still Waters Run Deep'; King Lear becomes a droning, crooning father who bewails the vicious habits of a wayward son, and is depicted in modern times as Daddy Hardcastle or Simon in 'The Porter's Knot.' Macbeth finds his modern representative in the scheming adventurer, bank forger, and general gentlemanly swindler, and Lady Macbeth becomes simply the worldly mother, whose one object in life is to marry her daughters well. And from the managerial point of view, no doubt, this state of things is right. The public, it is alleged, will only pay to be amused. A dash of seriousness here and there is tolerated as a foil to set off the comicality which, at given intervals, is to convulse us with laughter, but seriousness in modern drama is not to be the end for which the dramatist should strive; it must merely be an accessory to the general amusement. Hence it comes to pass that we hear so much about idyllic sketches, life-like comedies, and general patchwork business, which is recommended to us by the epithets charming, elegant, and graceful. And, beyond all things, it is requisite that the dialogue should be sparkling, and that the comedians should be provided with a continuous flow of brilliant repartee. And, consequently, we are frequently summoned to witness comedies which a few play-goers

have not hesitated to describe as teacup and saucery, milk and watery, and very drawing-roomy. Whether this school of dramatist will survive long is a speculation upon which it is obviously unnecessary to enter. It serves its present purpose, and that, for the time, is an unanswerable argument in its favour. To this school, however, two of the ablest of living dramatists certainly do not belong. I refer to Mr. Tom Taylor and to Mr. Charles Reade; and both of these writers are deservedly popular and successful. At the Globe Theatre, two excellent plays by the former writer have run together for some time; and at the Queen's Theatre, Mr. Charles Reade has recently given to us a quaint, but singularly powerful dramatic composition, entitled 'The Wandering Heir.' Never were critics more thoroughly puzzled to know what to say than were the gentlemen who do the theatres for the daily papers, and who employed Sunday, the 16th of November last, in considering Mr. Reade's drama instead, it is to be feared, of going to church. Most of the new plays to which we are accustomed are quiet in their story, neat in their construction, models of propriety, and one scene is sufficient for each act. Mr. Reade comes thundering down upon us with a five-act play of the good old sort, with plenty of change of scene, and four-and-twenty distinct characters presented to the audience, and with a considerable amount of action for each and every performer. Nobody can complain that there is any lack of incident, indeed the spectator is almost breathless in his expectation of what is going to happen next; but, at the same time, the extremes of sensation are scrupulously avoided. And it is right

to add that no single incident is dragged in for its own sake, or for the mere purpose of stage effect, but all the actions of the characters bear intimate relation to the story. The strange history of the Hon. James Annesley is now too well known to the public through Mr. Reade's tale, which composed the Christmas Number of the 'Graphic' for 1872, to require that I should now give an outline of the story, and I am bound to say, that as far as the drama is concerned, however remarkable Mr. Annesley's adventures may be, their chief interest for us, the spectators in the auditorium, certainly arises from the fact that Miss Philippa Chester was so deeply implicated in them. Never has Mrs. John Wood been seen to such advantage as in this character. Her vivacity and intelligence are delightful to witness at a time when there is a sad dearth of clever actresses. Not one syllable of Mr. Reade's terse and admirable dialogue loses its point and force when it is Mrs. John Wood's turn to speak. She identifies herself completely with the part, she becomes the character she assumes, and thus has achieved one of the highest artistic triumphs it has been my happy lot to witness. That actresses should assume male attire is almost *de rigueur* in one form of the popular drama, and the result to refined minds generally brings a sensation of disgust; but Mrs. John Wood in her disguise carries the assumption of the opposite sex in a manner which commands our admiration of her tact and talent. Whether the 'Wandering Heir' will become eventually a stock piece upon the English stage is a question about which there may certainly be two opinions, but so long as Mrs. John Wood plays the heroine, there is, in my



humble opinion, no room for argument.

A word or two as to the other actors. Most of the performers are new to London, and deserved to be welcomed; and, in particular, I am anxious to say that Mr. E. Leathes played the hero's part in a forcible, but quiet and unassuming manner. With increased experience, there are good hopes that this young and promising actor may be able to fill a void, and become an excellent lover. Somehow or other, English actors never seem to know how to make love with proper stage effect. As a rule, they are either abominably extravagant or immoderately shy. Of deep tenderness and repressed passion they usually appear to know nothing at all. They have a great deal to study before they can touch French actors in this respect. And I should advise Mr. Leathes to employ his first holiday in a trip to Paris, and see how they do that sort of thing there. It is, I think, rather a disgrace to us that we have no actor who can at all compete with Mr. Fechter, in his earlier days, at love-making. Mr. C. A. Cowdery, in the small part of McCarthy, the planter, is worthy of notice, though his Americanism appears to be somewhat conventional. Mr. G. Vincent, as Rowley, the villain of the drama, is scarcely what Mr. G. Vincent was, if he is the same individual who used to play Moss in the 'Ticket-of-Leave Man.' He is far too much of the blood-and-murder sort, and reminds us too much of the 'Midnight Spectre' and Richardson's Show generally. Mr. S. Artaud, as the Quaker, Jedediah Surefoot, acts with care, and doubtless quite fulfils the author's idea. Jip, the nigger, is amusingly performed by Mr. Fred Irish; and it is no

discouragement to him to say that he does not quite come up to Mr. G. Belmore's impersonation of Mr. Plato in the Adelphi drama of 'Black and White,' produced under Mr. Fechter's régime. As Chief Justice Eyre, Mr. W. D. Gresham quite bears out his reputation of being one of the most careful and conscientious actors of small character parts which we possess. The only other impersonation it is necessary to notice is that of Mrs. Seymour, the manageress of the Queen's Theatre, as the faithful Irishwoman, Betty Purcell. In this part she is excellent, and we can only regret that she has been absent from the London stage so long. I remember well seeing her play in the provinces, some years ago, Peg Woffington in 'Masks and Faces;' and I am confident that I am only expressing the sentiments of many other play-goers when I say that I most earnestly hope to see her in some such part again before very long, without any prejudice to the run of the 'Wandering Heir.'

The story of the 'Wandering Heir' is founded upon historical facts; but, unless my memory deceives me, some excellent person in the country raised a discussion upon the tale in the columns of the 'Athenæum,' and that discussion created the characteristic preface to the author's latest novel, 'A Simpleton,' which most readers of 'London Society' remember with delight. In this preface Mr. Reade, as briefly as the occasion requires, replies to a vague charge of plagiarism that has been brought against him. He admits that he borrows his facts from every accessible source, but emphatically denies that that makes him a plagiarist. The 'pla-



giarist,' in Mr. Reade's definition, 'is one who borrows from a homogeneous work: for such a man borrows not ideas only, but their treatment.' Now, it has often struck me, in reading the productions of dramatic censors in the daily journals, that one of the leading tricks of their art consists in pointing to some French, German, or Italian play, or novel, and in saying that such and such is obviously the source whence flowed the drama upon which it is their duty to report. Two reasons appear to prompt this method of criticism: one is to display the critic's own erudition, and the other is to disparage the dramatic author; but both are carefully concealed, so that the unsuspecting public may suppose that its interest only are concerned; and it naturally becomes somewhat indignant if a work is proclaimed by the author to be original, whereas, in fact, it presents only the brain-work of another man clothed in different garments. The zeal of the critic and the indignation of the public (if indignation there ever really is in such matters) are very much misplaced. It is an old saying that ideas beget ideas, and there are few authors—if there are any at all—who are not perfectly willing to admit that something or other that they have read has not subsequently worked out into a treatise, novel, or drama. To take another man's idea, and reproduce it with all its original surroundings of treatment, and then to claim an exclusive property in the result, is simply to commit literary felony. But the matter assumes a different aspect when a writer is struck by some previous writer's idea, and says, 'This is a capital notion, but the treatment is wholly weak and unworthy of it, and I see how it

may be vastly improved,' and then clothes the idea with ampler and more artistic garments. Surely there can be no immorality in this! If it were so, we should have to condemn the authors of all ingenious improvements in mechanical machinery. Patents and copyrights exist, and are most right and proper things, and deserve to be jealously protected by the law; but still it is difficult to say that there can be any special ownership in an idea, so that it is not to be treated with more subtle elaboration by some other artist. For, after all, ideas, in the world of fiction, take their rise in some particular complication of the affairs of human life and the working of human passions—substrata which are common to us all. Supposing some writer hits upon 'a good idea' for a play, and only succeeds in producing an inferior drama, is it not open to some other writer to say, 'That is a capital idea, but it is feebly worked out, and I see my way to making a much better thing of it'? Is the public to be deprived of the benefits that may accrue to society by some literary code of honour which forbids such working upon foreign ground? Ought there to be a stringent law of trespass in such matters? These are questions which are warmly discussed in certain circles, and are undoubtedly deserving of deep consideration. Mr. Reade appears to admit that a writer may borrow ideas, but he may not borrow the treatment; by which he means, I suppose, that an almost exact reproduction is not allowable, and in this position everybody ought to agree with him. To reproduce another man's idea with some sort of disguise about it, and to claim it as one's own, is certainly incompatible with a strict sense

of honesty. But is there anything morally wrong in taking the leading idea from some one else as a foundation, and thereon building a literary edifice which the original ideologist never contemplated? In determining such problems the difficulty of course lies in accurately defining the limits of property in an idea. A not unfrequent case may be cited. One author writes a story of fiction in a periodical, and another author seizes upon the plot and characters, and turns the story into a successful play. Has the dramatist any right to do this without the permission of the author of the story? and is he morally bound to hand over any portions of the profits derived from successful stage representation? The law, I apprehend, says that he has such a right, and is not so bound; and the only protection that the author of the story can make for himself is to dramatise his fable, and give notice that he has done so. In support of the position of the dramatist, it is urged that his art lies in a totally different direction from the magazine writer or novelist; that it is not his especial business to invent his plot in all its details: his speciality lies in dramatic construction, and presenting various combinations of interesting incidents and characters in that particular form which is known as a stage play. A successful novelist is rarely at the same time a successful dramatist. Lord Lytton undoubtedly possessed the double qualities; but neither Dickens nor Thackeray were successful as playwrights, though both tried their hands at it. Fielding's novels will exist long after it is dimly known that he ever wrote a play. Mr. Wilkie Collins may be cited as an exception; but many of his most ardent admirers are ready to

admit that he would have done better to have devoted himself exclusively to one line of art, for in perusing his tales of fiction the reader is always impressed with the notion that the work he is studying is a spun-out play, and that a great deal of the writing is only a spun-out stage direction; while his dramas invariably suggest the notion of a compressed novel, which they generally are. And, therefore, the professional writer for the stage argues, 'I take a good story wherever I find one fitted to my purpose; I choose such characters as appear to me likely to subserve the end I have in view, and I produce my play. I could not write the story; the story-writer could not construct the play. Our paths are widely separate; we do not interfere with each other, and what obligation there is is mutual. True, I am to a certain extent indebted to him for his fiction; but, on the other hand, he is indebted to me for the attention I draw to him, and the popularity I gain for him.'

For my own part, I am inclined to think that this position, although it is very plausible, and has a great deal to be urged in its favour, is not morally tenable. Every author ought to have a distinct right in the offspring of his brains. Granted that the dramatist may make my story in its original form highly popular, and by his labours may bring me a second and a third edition, still I deny his right to indirectly do me good without my express permission. I may have a piece of land from which I may get one good crop; but from insufficiency of capital, or other causes, I do not push my advantages. I cannot admit that another agriculturist has a right to enrich my soil with his patent chemical

manures, however much it may be to my benefit, unless he asks my leave first. The object he may have in view is to prove the excellence of the commodity he has to offer to the public, and my subsequent crops are his advertisement; but he has no right to force a benefit upon me unless I am a consenting party. No doubt the extreme radicals of the present day do not hesitate to say that the soil of England is intended for the benefit of the population, wholly irrespective of the rights of landlords, and this has considerable attractions for all persons who are not landlords; and it may be backed up by the incontrovertible assertion that no person has a right wilfully to destroy property. But all hard principles of this nature require modification when they come to be examined in detail. And as it will be found that nobody has really so great an interest in land as the owner of it, and that all proposed improvements should be submitted to his judgment first, so the products of brain-work, which are the results of real hard toil just as much as any crops, are not to be lightly made use of by literary trespassers, without any

reference to the original owner. There are certainly great difficulties in the way of framing statutory enactments for preserving literary rights, because it is hard to prove that what has occurred to one man's imagination may not have occurred to another's. I am aware that it is an inaccurate use of language to talk about broad lines of demarcation; but I may say that there are well-defined limits which separate originality from plagiarism; and I think that these limits are surpassed when a dramatic author boldly takes a living writer's plot and characters, and works them into a play. It would, perhaps, be too much to expect an heroic government to trouble itself with such a prosaic thing as the law of copyright; but still, to use a now famous expression, there is some 'blundering and plundering' which, for the sake of a not unimportant part of the community, ought to be set right. The indefatigable manager of the Gaiety Theatre, Mr. John Hollingshead, has taken the matter up, supported by many of our most popular authors, and we may be satisfied that he is not the sort of man to let a palpable grievance 'slide.'

FREE LANCE.



## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

'Nancy.' By Rhoda Broughton.  
*R. Bentley & Sons.*

'Abel Drake's Wife.' By John  
Saunders. New edition. *Henry S.  
King & Co.*

'Cholera; how to Avoid and  
Treat it.' By Henry Blanc, M.D.  
*Henry S. King & Co.*

'How Shall we Employ and  
Amuse our Invalids?' By Harriet  
Power. *Henry S. King & Co.*

'In Strange Company.' By  
James Greenwood. *Henry S.  
King & Co.*

'Feathers and Fairies.' By  
Hon. A. Bethell. *Griffiths &  
Farran.*

'Snowed Up.' By Emilia Mar-  
ryat Norris. *Griffiths & Farran.*

'Vignettes in Rhyme.' By  
Austin Dobson. *Henry S. King  
and Co.*

'Narcissus and other Poems.'  
By L. Carpenter. *Henry S. King  
and Co.*

'Thwarted.' By Florence Mont-  
gomery. *R. Bentley & Sons.*

'Wild Animals.' Illustrated  
by Joseph Wolf. Engraved by  
J. W. and Edward Whymper.

WE have derived so much pleasure from the perusal of Miss Broughton's work, that we almost wish it were not our duty to review it. Where so large a part is good, it seems ungracious to find fault with a little, and yet there are blots in these volumes that would have destroyed the labour of a less popular author. Miss Broughton's novels have taken a great hold on a certain portion of the reading public. She is so naïve in her expressions; so frank and ingenuous in her descriptions, and so thoroughly natural in her portraiture, that whilst we glance through her

pages we feel we are being told of no mere puppets evoked from the writer's imagination, but of real flesh-and-blood people who have lived and loved and gone to their rest like the myriads before them.

The generality of writers little know how much they lose by pandering to what they consider the world's taste, and not daring to be themselves and say what they think. So long as we copy one another what chance is there of our giving the public a fresh sensation? No one could accuse Miss Broughton of copying; but she must be careful not to copy herself too often. Already we begin to perceive a slight resemblance in her brusque, not always pleasant, heroines, and her thoroughly British heroes. 'Nancy' (who is not half so finished a picture, by the way, as 'Lenore' or 'Esther') is charmingly natural in the first volume, falls off slightly in the second, and is so unlike herself in the third that we can hardly recognise in the woman who lies to so little purpose and suspects her husband's fidelity for less, the frank, outspoken, daring girl whom Sir Roger Tempest married. The story appears to have been concluded in a hurry—the episode of Sir Roger and Mrs. Huntley being by no means satisfactorily cleared up; the character of Zéphine herself very sketchy, and the reader left quite in the dark as to whether she was really the *intrigante* her flirtation with 'Algy' caused her to appear, or the deserted and unhappy wife Sir Roger seemed to think her. The lapses in grammar, too, are very frequent. This is an old fault of Miss Broughton's, but the

favour of the public should rather make an author more careful than more careless, for nothing is so capricious as popularity. What should we say if the following sentences were from an unpractised pen?—

'Is not the tale safely buried in the deep grave of Musgrave's and *my two hearts*?'

'But there are others that he only *worsens*.'

'I had never known any *loving* term.'

'Some matron of *exalted* rank than mine.'

We wish Miss Broughton would try to realise that all her bright fancies, and natural touches, and graphic descriptions will soon sink to an early grave if unaccompanied by grammar. And though ladies are famous for a non-acquaintance with Lindley Murray, we have seldom met with more startling proofs of the fact than we have quoted above.

Mr. H. King has done well to include 'Abel Drake's Wife' amongst the volumes of the 'Cornhill Library.' It is a book that can be read more than once, and is therefore worthy to be put into a durable form, and one that lies within the reach of most purses. We read it through again with fresh interest and pleasure.

The two next little works on our list treat of graver subjects. Dr. Blanc's treatise on cholera places the danger of infection from that disease in quite a new light—one that is easily avoidable, and therefore calculated to allay much of the alarm excited by a prevalence of the disorder. Dr. Blanc treats more of cholera as he and others have met with it in India, but we conclude the same rules are applicable to our country. If his assertions are correct, we

must indeed have been throwing away life wholesale, and it behoves us all to see we do it no more.

We do not like to speak too strongly against a book written with so evident a good intention as 'How shall we Employ and Amuse our Invalids?' but Miss Power must certainly have a very poor idea of our capabilities of thought or invention if she thinks it necessary to recommend such every-day employments as reading, needlework, and making collections of photographs, scraps, or stamps, as suggestions to our efforts to amuse them. A public hospital affords almost as many resources. One amusement which Miss Power recommends is certainly original, that of telling the invalid to search out texts of scripture in proof of certain truths, amongst a given list of which we find 'Eternity of punishment'—cheerful idea for a sick man who is uncertain, day by day, how soon he may be called upon to find it all out for himself. For ourselves we do not believe in an eternity of punishment, and thought no one else did, and Miss Power's method of spending 'a happy day' would not frighten us; but were we certain of the truth of the doctrine, we are quite sure we should not impose it on our nervous invalids, and we hope, if it goes through a second edition, Miss Power will expunge it from her book.

Mr. Greenwood's company may be strange, but it is very entertaining, and we could wish for no better, at all events while it lasts. The places he goes to and the people he sees would appear like a dreadful nightmare did we not know that it is all but too true, and that they are described with the very best of motives—that of raising compassion and help for

them in the breasts of those who have been gifted in every way so far above their ragged and ignorant brethren. 'At Supper with a Hundred Thieves,' 'A Sly House on Sunday,' 'The Human Hair Market,' 'An Opium Smoke in Tiger Bay,' and 'The Art and Mystery of Song-bird Torture,' all sound what they are—intensely interesting to any one with heart enough to feel for the sins and miseries of their fellow-creatures. This book leads the upper classes into a new land—a land perhaps which they will never have either the wish or the opportunity to explore for themselves, but which all can contribute to make more happy or more useful by putting their hands in their pockets. And this is a time of year when our pockets should be as open as our hearts.

'Feathers and Fairies' is one of those pretty, fanciful books for children which they so entirely believe in, and realise perhaps better than older minds can be expected to do. It is charmingly illustrated, too, though the artist has not given his name. The story of the 'Good old Rabbit,' and the drawing that accompanies it, are touching.

'Snowed up' is Emilia Marryat Norris's Christmas book for 1873. This author has a peculiar faculty for appealing to children, and we never met with any who did not read her stories with eagerness over and over again. But those which she writes for very little children (like the one before us) are the best. She chains an audience of from eight to ten.

Austin Dobson's 'Vignettes in Rhyme' (now first collected), judged by the standard they profess to attain, i.e. as *vers de société*,

are charming. There is a raciness about their good-natured cynicism that strikes one very pleasingly after the maudlin sentimentality usually met with in second-rate verse. For the cynicism hides an amount of sentiment that prevents it from becoming unnatural or affected. We commend Mr. Dobson's verses to all ears with a taste for music.

We wish we could say as much for Mr. Carpenter's; but 'Narcissus' is just one of those poems which it is so easy to write and so difficult to criticise. There are no glaring errors of style, composition, or metre, but a dull monotony from beginning to end that is almost worse. This is not poetry—nor do we meet with any new thoughts or striking comparisons to make us forget the fact. It gives us the idea of a man who has written more from the example of others than from an impulse of his own. And without natural impulse and original ideas, poetry of all things must fall to the ground.

'Thwarted; or, Duck's Eggs in a Hen's Nest,' is by the author of 'Misunderstood,' a book that had such a success that the Queen herself was pleased to intimate to Miss Montgomery the pleasure she had experienced in its perusal. It would be too much perhaps to expect the author to improve upon 'Misunderstood,' but certainly both 'Thrown Together' and 'Thwarted' show a marked decrease of interest, and we begin to be afraid her first effort was, after all, but a happy accident. There is nothing more fatal to a young author than to be unduly praised. It has been the ruin of many promising careers. We hope Miss Montgomery will bear in mind that nothing is so good

but that better may be done. Her first book was drawn after nature; we think for the two last she has trusted to imagination, by no means so safe a master. She had better stick to nature.

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We have not space this month to do more than notice that, through the kindness of Messrs. J. W. and Edward Whymper, we have received a copy of Wolf's 'Wild Animals,' a book containing twenty illustrations of the denizens of the forest, with appropriate

letterpress by Daniel Giraud Elliot, F.L.S., F.Z.S.

In drawing, artistic design, engraving, and general 'get up,' this volume is a perfect picture. The bold, graphic illustrations of Joseph Wolf, the German Landseer, have been done full justice to by the exquisite engraving of Messrs. Whymper, and we hope to be able to allude to them more particularly in our next issue. Meanwhile we can imagine no more appropriate book for a Christmas or New Year's offering.









